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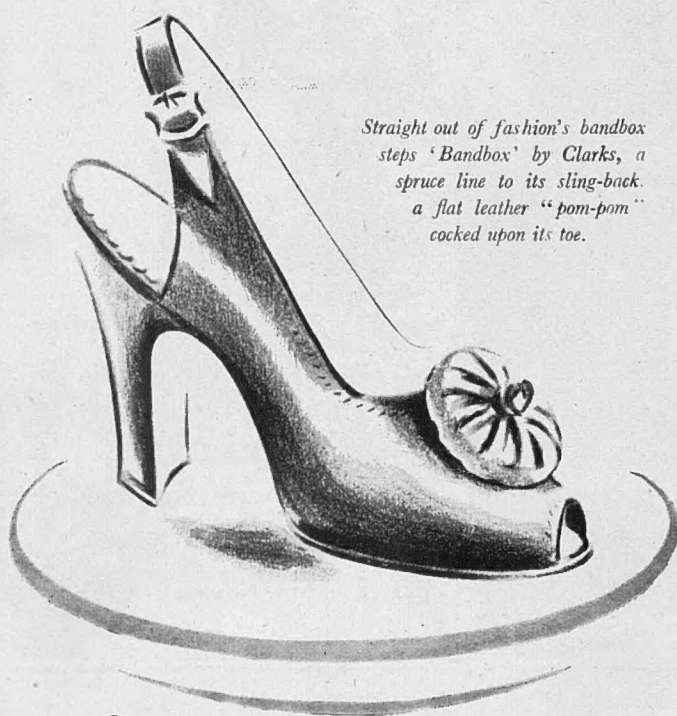
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LONDON
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Karsh, Ottawa

VISCOUNT AND VISCOUNTESS ALEXANDER

A new photograph of Viscount Alexander of Tunis, Governor-General of Canada, and Viscountess Alexander, taken at Rideau Hall, Ottawa, their private residence. The Governor-General, who was appointed in 1946, is extremely popular in Canada. He is a man of wide interests and, like Mr. Churchill, is a talented artist. His graphic dispatch of the Western Desert operations has recently been published. In June he will be going with Lady Alexander to Brazil having, with the King's approval, accepted an invitation from the Brazilian Government as former G.O.C. of all Forces in Italy, which included the Brazilian Expeditionary Force



Sir Oliver Shewell Franks, K.C.B., who is succeeding Lord Inverchapel as British Ambassador to the U.S. Sir Oliver is seen in the library of Queen's College, Oxford, of which he has been Provost since 1946. He has been closely associated with the Marshall Plan

Some Portraits in Print

EXPERIENCE should have taught me something of the art of reading between the headlines, but if so, it has not been much.

I arrive in a city said to be fevered with crisis, only to find people yawning; or I visit a French factory district reported on the border of starvation, but where the *ouvriers* are eating far better than I can at home.

Last week, having read that hotels on the south coast were "eighty per cent empty" and their owners "facing ruin" I suggested to a convalescent friend that he could hardly do better than spend a few days at Brighton. Perhaps Brighton is in a different class from other south coast resorts, but I can only report that the first four hotels I tried on his behalf had either no accommodation that week-end or else rooms facing away from the sea.

Now that I come to think of it, Brighton is different from other resorts. Even the word "resort" does not adequately describe the unique quality of Brighton.

Sussex Savouries

M^{R.} RICHARD WYNDHAM used to say that the regional dish of Sussex was bacon and eggs, as served on the Pullmans between London and Brighton. I countered this with the superb sausage rolls that used to be sold at the Grosvenor buffet on Victoria Station, for consumption, as far as I was concerned, before or during the same journey.

When the Birkenheads had a house in Grosvenor Gardens I took Lady Eleanor Smith to that buffet one morning; the next time I saw her she was buying six of those rolls to take home in a paper bag. She wrote a good first novel just about that time.

At present, the regional dish, judging from Brighton, would seem to be ice-cream. But I suppose that in their day those vast kitchens in the Dome must have stuffed the Prince Regent and his fellow gourmands with some good and distinctive Sussex fare.

Would Brighton dabs be a regional dish? Or cockles, winkles and mussels? Hardly oysters, despite the fame of that little shop run by the three Misses Cheeseman ("He can't smoke a cigarette here if he was the Prince of Wales himself"—"But it is the Prince of Wales"—"Then he ought to know better")

Being the lucubrations of your most obedient scribe, Gordon Beckles

and recently torn down to make room for a car park.

I had the Prince of Wales on my mind during my own Sussex week-end. In the morning I had read the latest instalment of the Duke of Windsor's memoirs—which have been serialized in an American magazine and a Sunday newspaper here. They have aroused some controversy on the question of good taste. I think myself they are most sympathetically written; but many of an older generation have been deploring the "precedent" set by the Duke, and ascribing it to vulgar American influence.

Perhaps; but on that afternoon, browsing through my host's library, I came on a volume which in its day might have made equally good Sunday reading—if Victorian Sunday papers had taken to serializing royal writings.

This volume was *More Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands*. Date: 1884. Author: Queen Victoria.

This volume was no flash in the pan, for it followed a first instalment published in 1868, and the great Queen was not above writing her own publisher's "blurb." If there was no

"lady in the case," in this royal memoir there was certainly a man, none other than the ubiquitous John Brown, whose stalwart and kilted figure strides through the Queen's life.

Gloomy Episode

THE Queen explains that the first volume was "received with a warmth of sympathy and interest very gratifying to her heart," and thinks that the new volume would equally evoke sympathy as showing how "her sad and suffering heart was soothed and cheered." She was certainly then in the full melancholy of widowhood, and the pages of her diary are generously sprinkled with deaths and funerals. One of the most poignant descriptions is of her own attendance at the funeral of John Brown's father, which ceremony started in the kitchen of the Brown cottage. "I tried to soothe and comfort dear old Mrs. Brown, and gave her a mourning brooch, with a little bit of her husband's hair which had been cut off yesterday, and I shall give a locket to each of the sons . . . when the coffin was being taken away, she sobbed bitterly . . . we took some whisky and water and cheese, according to the universal Highland custom, and then left."

Victorian scandalmongers used to whisper that John Brown "drank," and certainly nothing that the Queen wrote about her handsome Highland attendant suggested otherwise. There is a delightful description of hi-jinks at a small house (the Glassalt Shiel) where the Queen spent a holiday with her staff. After dinner, "Brown came to say that the servants were ready for the house-warming, and at twenty minutes to ten we went into the little dining-room where all the servants were assembled (including a policeman who came on duty at night) and five animated reels were danced in which all but myself joined. After the first reel 'whisky-toddy' was brought round for everyone and Brown begged I would drink to the 'fire-kindling.'"

I fancy that the fifth reel must have been quite animated, indeed, the Queen calls it "a merry pretty little ball" and adds "the men went on singing in the steward's room for some time and seemed very happy." This was in 1868 and must have made strange

Berceuse: Deep and Slow

Deep and slow, deep and slow,
Voice of the B.B.C.,
Slow, slow, radio,
Voice of the B.B.C.
Low like a cow in anguish, low,
Right from the stomach, oo-de-o-doh,
Low to my babe for me,
So, if he is wise, he will shut his eyes, soon

Sweet and thick, sweet and thick,
Croon to my babe of luhv.
Thick, thick, do the trick,
Croon to my babe of luhv.
Treacly and gluey enough to stick,
Stopping just short of being sick
And baby (q.v. abuhv)
Will, despite his cries, be anaesthetized, soon.

—Justin Richardson

reading in the distant capital, then entering its decades of mourning for the Prince Consort, a Palace bondage only to be broken—with the pop of a champagne cork—on the accession of Edward, her son.

The most dramatic pages in this Victorian chronicle are dated from Balmoral on June 19, 1879. John Brown came into her room at eleven o'clock at night and "said there was bad news; and when I, in alarm, asked what, he replied, 'The young French Prince is killed'; and when I could not take it in, and asked several times what he meant, Beatrice came in with the telegram in her hand. . . ."

[It will be recalled that the son of Napoleon III and Eugenie was ambushed while serving with the British in the Zulu War.]

"To die in such an awful, horrible way! Poor, poor dear Empress! her only, only child—her all, gone! . . . Oh, it is too, too awful. . . . Brown so distressed; everyone quite stunned . . . had a restless night haunted by seeing those horrid Zulus . . . monstrous! To think of that dear young man, the apple of his mother's eye, born and nurtured in the purple dying thus . . . and inexplicable and dreadful that the others should not have turned round and fought for him."

It would seem from this that someone in distant Natal was going to get it in the neck; and, in due course, they did!

Beside The Seaside

NO English seaside resort has benefited from Royal patronage of recent years, unless one takes into account the strange case of Bognor. This was where George V spent his convalescence in 1929, but he had no great love for the place, and on one occasion expressed his opinion with quarterdeck explosiveness; but perhaps it was only the convalescence he objected to, and not the town—which he graciously re-christened Bognor Regis.

Edward VII favoured Baden-Baden,

Hamburg, Carlsbad and any Continental resort that waged war on the Victorian liver and kidneys. In Cannes there used to be an impressive and amusing tribute to his patronage, showing him perched on a pedestal and seemingly indifferent to a number of unclothed ladies surging about below him, not a characteristic attitude in so courtly a monarch.

Le Touquet owed a good deal to his grandson and namesake's patronage. As for Brighton, its particular star of recent times has been Mr. Ernest Bevin. Well, put Mr. Bevin in a frock-coat, a silk hat and a Gladstonian collar and he might measure up to one of the lions of the Victorian political arena. Or would he?

The Uncanny Cupboard

I HAVE had a letter from Florida from a man who noted that at the turn of the year I referred to knowing of only two ghosts in the vicinity of Piccadilly. He hopes that I was writing in a literal sense and not of those "ghosts which for an exile, such as fate has made me, must haunt all Piccadilly when and if we ever come face to face again."

No, no; the ghosts of which I wrote were not metaphorical.

The haunt of one was Sackville Street which runs the length of Albany and, I agree, was a dark street enough even in the worst black-out period. But the ghost I was thinking about was at work in the first of the wars when a popular American actress was lent a flat there by a young officer serving in France. Perhaps "lent" is the wrong word, for she rented it and their relations were on a strictly proper basis.

It was a nice flat, on the second story, and she at first had a maid who lived in the flat with her, but afterwards made excuses for going to her own home at night.

"I liked it very much, and it was convenient to the theatre," she used to tell me afterwards. "I liked everything about it except a corner

cupboard on the first landing. For some reason I kept on looking over my shoulder at it after I had passed, even in broad daylight. It was just a small cupboard, nothing unusual about it at all."

She was in a musical show at the time, singing a song still remembered by those who knew the West End between 1914 and 1918.

"When I was dropped home from the theatre I dreaded having to pass that cupboard at the top of the stairs. I felt so badly about it that one day I got some nails and hammered it closed. I was ashamed to have it done by a workman, and couldn't think what excuse I should give him. But it didn't seem to do any good. One night I was in the flat when there was an air raid. I got up and had a drink and then heard some knocking downstairs at the front door. I leant out of the window but couldn't see the door itself and after a time thought it might be some friend or other. Leave trains used to get in at Charing Cross very late sometimes. I put on a little lace dressing gown and slipped down the stairs and had just got to the landing when the knocking began again. But it wasn't from the front door: it was from inside the cupboard!

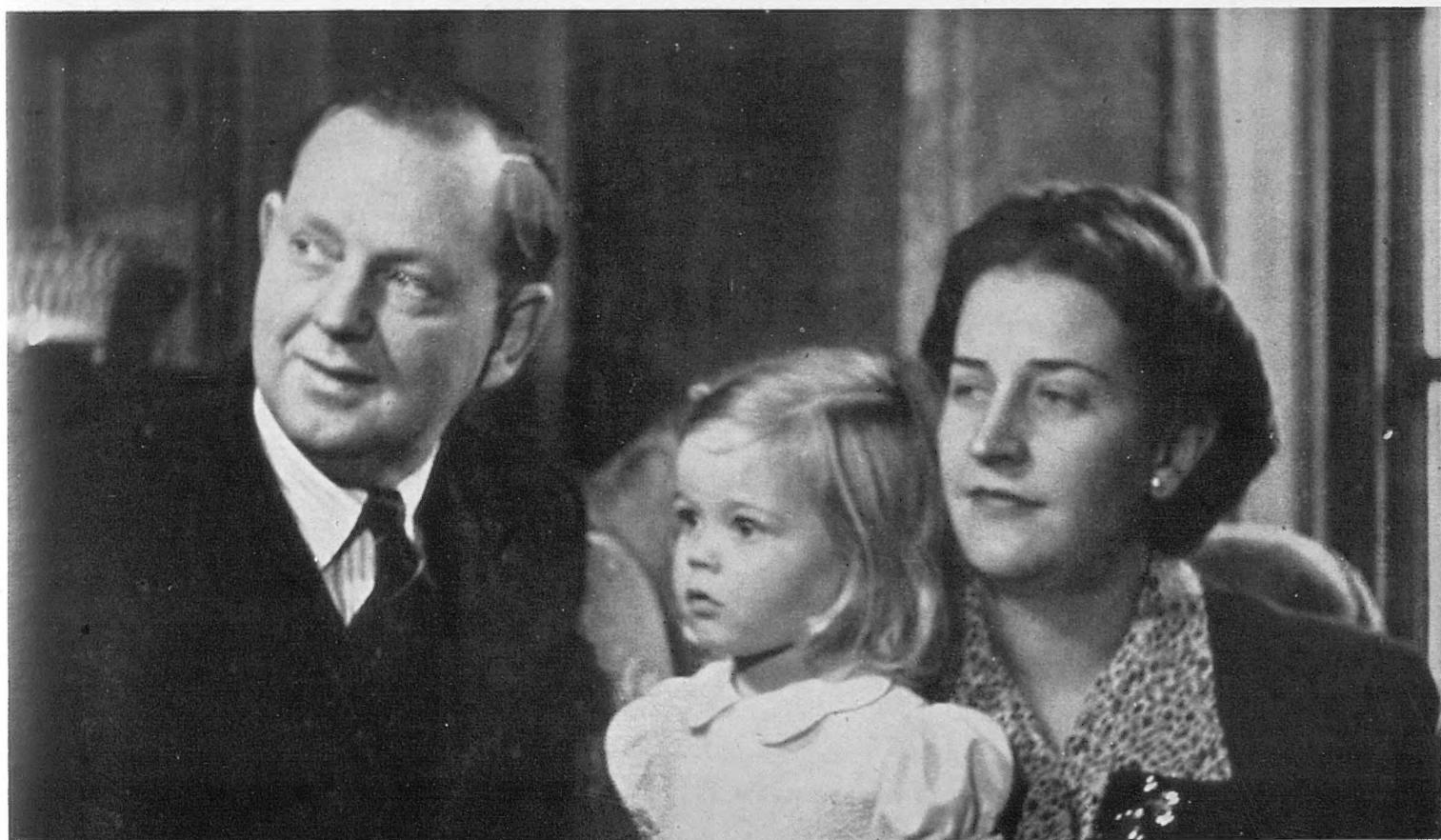
Scream in the Night

I WENT screaming out into the street and a policeman found me down by the churchyard in Piccadilly. I never, never went back—that night or ever. No, the officer who owned the flat wasn't killed that night, *but the cupboard door had been burst open from the inside.*"

In the years between I have often looked at this house in Sackville Street and decided that a couple of other houses look even more threatening from the outside.

And the story? I heard it from quite a different source (seldom believing what an actress tells me) and it went just the same way.

The other ghost story? I must be more careful before I tell that one. ■

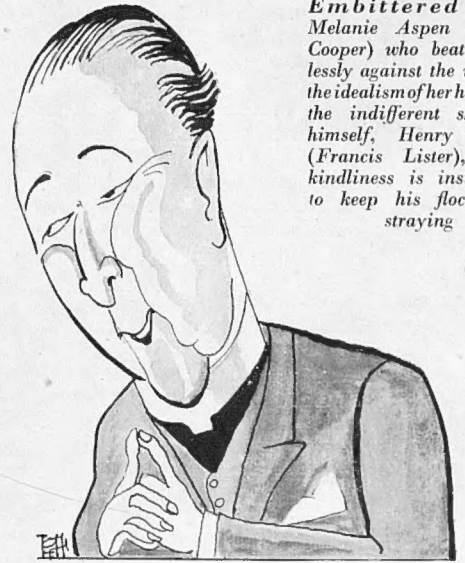


H.E. Mr. Leif Egeland, recently appointed High Commissioner for South Africa in London, with his wife and two and a half years old daughter, Christine, in their new home, Highveld, Campden Hill, Kensington. Mr. Egeland's father was Norwegian Consul in Natal, and he himself is a former Rhodes Scholar. He was South African Minister to the Netherlands and Belgium before coming to London

Practical Padre.
Hugh Wigmore (Andrew Cruickshank) applies himself to his vocation with more head than heart



Embittered Wife.
Melanie Aspen (Gladys Cooper) who beats hopelessly against the walls of the idealism of her husband, the indifferent shepherd himself, Henry Aspen (Francis Lister), whose kindness is insufficient to keep his flock from straying



Anthony Cookman
and Tom Titt

At the Theatre

"The Indifferent
Shepherd" (Criterion)

THIS not quite satisfactory play is much more worth seeing than many another deservedly voted completely successful. The chief characters are human beings whom Mr. Peter Ustinov understands and whose hearts and minds he explores with a sympathy at once delicate and perceptive. It is unfortunate that some of the incidents chosen to illustrate their difficulties should appear faintly inapposite. The people are real enough, but the wrong web has caught them.

The abiding interest of the evening is the illuminating clash between the sensitively impractical and the insensitively practical. A country vicar has mistaken a poetic joy in nature and the infinite kindness of his own heart for a religious vocation. His gropingly sincere sermons are incomprehensible to his dwindling congregations, and in his handling of parish problems he is handicapped by his own uncertainties as to ultimate truth.

HIS clerical brother-in-law has no uncertainties. His career as an Army padre has taught him the rule-of-thumb solution of every problem. We are made to feel the imaginative strength of the ineffectual vicar, the odious penny-wise-pound-foolish quality of his opposite in temperament and yet to recognize, however unwillingly, that breezy clerical certainties can do more good in a parish than the divinest of doubts.

Mr. Ustinov finds a perfectly apposite illustration of this truth in the case of a servant girl who is in trouble. When the vicar tries to inspire her with a sense of the adventurous beauty of life and of motherhood she throws herself straight into the river. The ex-padre knows precisely how to handle the distracted girl. He smacks the hysteria out of her, he has the address of the appropriate charity, he pats her hand as a man and a brother, he smilingly brings her to her senses and has her safely tucked up in bed. It is a distinct score for the breezy certainties of muscular Christianity, and the vicar, who is no fool, realizes it.

YET it is the vicar in the midst of his humiliation who holds our sympathies. He has a case, and we expect the author to develop it. That is what Mr. Ustinov tries to do and in fact succeeds in doing so far as words can develop a case. But from this point onwards the vicar is called upon to do things which we cannot believe him capable of doing.

His wife, a hard woman thrown aside by the boorish neighbour, whose mistress she has been, steps into the foreground; her clerical brother begins to fade out of the picture. He is shocked when he learns of his sister's infidelity, and that is surely uncharacteristic of a man who could have been depended on to produce a rough and ready remedy even for family scandal. But his failure to produce the remedy allows the vicar's

catholic-minded sympathies to come into their own. Gently he offers his wife reconciliation.

It is an unsatisfactory, even an incredible justification of fineness of mind. The wife has been made so utterly hard and unsympathetic that she cannot in a single scene change her whole character. The vicar may offer her his love; but nothing that the woman has done or said suggests that she could possibly accept it. Life has petrified her feelings. Earlier the vicar has recognized in his wife's happy-go-lucky niece his own natural daughter. This again is something not quite in the character of the man.

YET in spite of the vicar's uncharacteristic doings, we continue to be absorbed in the study of his character, for his words—invariably so apt, pointed and illuminating—are rarely out of character. Mr. Francis Lister plays the part with such unobtrusive power and endearing deprecatory charm that it will stay in the memory long after the play's improbabilities are forgotten. Miss Gladys Cooper is the vicar's wife. It is a part less good than her admirers had hoped she might find on her welcome return from the U.S., but what she has to do she does with accomplished firmness. Mr. Andrew Cruickshank makes an enjoyable thing of the ex-padre's obviously complacent heartiness, and Miss Anna Turner and Mr. Peter Street both do well. Mr. Norman Marshall has produced with his usual unforced skill.



Glamorous Niece. Hilary Jordan (Anna Turner) enjoys life and lightly dismisses moral restraints: an attitude not entirely appreciated at Oldchurch-in-the-Vale vicarage



Distraught Servant. Nellie (Charmian Eyre) realizes the consequences of her indiscretion

The Gossip Backstage

by

Beaumont Kent

IT is always pleasant to hear of the success of a bold new venture. Judging by the start it has made in Scotland the Metropolitan Ballet will have firmly established itself by the time it comes to London about May. It has so far done exceptionally good business in Edinburgh, Glasgow and Aberdeen.

Its origin is due to Mrs. C. W. Blatch, wife of a Lymington, Hants solicitor, whose early ambitions for a career in ballet were frustrated. A year or so ago, however, she made up her mind to found and direct her own company and this she has done at a cost of £16,000.

She has recruited a strong company, one member being Paul Gnatt who comes from the Royal Theatre, Copenhagen, from which he has been given six months' leave. He chose to spend it here because of the high reputation which English ballet now enjoys on the Continent.

The repertory includes such classics as *Lac des Cygnes*, *Les Sylphides* and *La Spectre de la Rose* as well as several new items. The *régisieur* is M. Berisoff whose fifteen-year-old daughter, Svetlana Berisova, is one of the principal dancers and there is an orchestra of high quality of twenty players.

ALEC REA and E. P. Clift hope to find a West End home for *Little Holiday*, by the middle of next month. This play by E. G. Cousins, which opened a short tour last week in Glasgow, is strong drama dealing with the illegal entry of Jewish emigrants into Palestine. Major Cousins wrote it from first-hand observation while in command of troops serving on board a ship returning such emigrants.

Mary Kerridge, who has the leading part, is the wife of John Counsell who first produced the play at Windsor Repertory Theatre, which he controls. He has devised an ingenious way of presenting its twelve scenes and its twenty-eight characters.

WHEN Alec Clunes returns after long absence to the Arts Theatre in the next production, Christopher Fry's *The Lady's Not For Burning* he will be supported by a strong cast, for it includes Derek Blomfield, Peter Bull, Andrew Leigh and Daphne Slater, who was last season's much-discussed Juliet at Stratford-on-Avon.

In this comedy, which is set in the fifteenth century, I gather that the characters are concerned with very much the same problems as those with which we are confronted to-day. Jack Hawkins is producing.

I HEAR that A. P. Herbert has completed the book of the play (as yet unnamed), which will one day succeed *Bless the Bride* at the Adelphi, while Vivian Ellis has finished four of its five principal numbers. Though C. B. Cochran has already started auditions it will be a long time before the new piece is required.

Which reminds me that Georges Guétary recently returned to the cast after a fortnight's rest in France.

THE next production at the Embassy Theatre will be *The Righteous Are Bold*, by the Irish playwright, Frank Carney. It is described as a terrifying study of a girl possessed, and it will have almost simultaneous production in New York with Maureen O'Hara in the leading part.

Over here the cast will include Maureen Delaney, Maire O'Neill, Liam Caffney, Fred Johnson and a young actress named Sally Travers who, I am told, is a notable discovery.

SUCH is the international fame of the Shakespeare Festival, which begins its 1948 season at Stratford-on-Avon on April 15, that although the box office did not open until last week, hundreds of inquiries and applications for seats have already been received from all parts of the kingdom and from as far afield as Sweden, Italy, the Argentine, U.S.A. and Canada.

RAM GOPAL and his Indian Ballet open a three weeks' season at the Saville on Tuesday. They come from a very successful engagement in Paris, and this time the company includes an Indian singer.



Denis de Marney

"OUTRAGEOUS FORTUNE" at the Winter Garden Theatre brings together again those indefatigable masters of mirth, Robertson Hare and Ralph Lynn, in a play by the remaining member of this famous trio, Ben Travers. As in the old days at the Aldwych Theatre, they are fully submerged in trouble and strife. One problem follows on the heels of another, and attempts to solve them lead to even more monstrous situations. In this scene Ralph Lynn kidnaps Bunny Hare from the village police station after their arrest on many charges.

Of this play Anthony Cookman said: "Mr. Ben Travers is in fine fettle. Some of his lines have the authentic Aldwych note of astonishing inanity. His situations are fantastically unreal"

Freda Bruce Lockhart

[Decorations
by Hoffnung]

At The Pictures

Stranger Than Fiction

WITH one minor exception, all the pictures I have seen this week contain at least a smattering of fact. Facts, of course, like cameras can be made to lie. But fact, on the whole, is good material for films; and especially for British films. British documentaries—not to split hairs over the word's definition, usage and significance—came into their own during the late war. Pictures like *Target for To-night* and *Desert Victory* in turn inspired and invigorated the whole British film industry. Since then, like a number of other useful things, having served its purpose documentary has relapsed into the limits of official and instructional circles.

If to-day's film shortage results in calling out the documentaries again to fill the cinemas, they will be welcome: both because most of us prefer a decent documentary in the programme to a second-grade second feature, or to a bilious mixed hors d'œuvre of vulgar cartoon, stale comedy and ten-minute close-up of a dance band which may possibly be worth hearing but should on no account be seen; and because the documentary approach, with its respect for facts and authentic backgrounds, can do a lot to lend conviction to the most unlikely screen entertainments.

Whether we are ready for a new cycle of Resistance pictures I doubt; not, certainly, unless opened by one rather more sure of itself than *Against the Wind*, at the New Gallery and Tivoli. This pleasantly acted, erratic little study of an Anglo-Belgian sabotage unit is saved, however, from total redundancy by its leaven of documentary.

Acknowledgements proclaim the co-operation of the Belgian railway workers and the appropriate Belgian Ministries. Once the party is parachuted into Belgium, location work in the Ardennes provides invaluable authenticity to carry the picture over potholes in the plot and past loose ends in the continuity. But the whole operation is an unconscionable time a-starting; and its London end seems curiously characterless and studio-bound.

Did the French-Canadian priest (Robert Beatty) turn up at the British Museum by assignation and was his inquiry for some prehistoric kangaroo part of a code? Or was he recruited by the leather-bearded chief of Special Forces (James Robertson Justice, effective again) through some process of natural selection from among visitors to the Museum? I could not be sure. Nor was it made clear at what point we moved from Museum interiors to the wider studio spaces of the school for secrets where the typically mixed bunch is trained in sabotage.

Director Charles Crichton's difficulty seems to be to blend his facts smoothly with his fiction. A number of things happen which are probably perfectly true to fact, but paradoxically fail to be

credible in terms of fiction. Discovery that one genial member of the team of six is selling secrets to an Irish spy comes too abruptly to be dramatically convincing—though that is how it well might come. The traitor's instant dispatch by his Belgian girl wireless-operator (Simone Signoret) provides a dramatic moment, but does not contribute to the main drama. Again, the purposeless finality of his disappearance from the story touches a note of truth, as do the senseless setbacks, and the farcical element in the civilian use first of cattle, then of wine barrels, finally of a religious procession to delay the Gestapo in the charming village of Bouillon. (Every member I have met of any Resistance movement seems to have kept going on that schoolboy-humorous bravado.)

SUCH touches may be real. They are not realistic, because Mr. Crichton has failed to mould them either into the pattern of documentary, or into the shape of drama. Quite probably, too, there was a priest who carried his cassock by parachute and ran a sabotage unit from the cathedral crypt with the archbishop's connivance. But the part calls for an actor who can wear a cassock as comfortably as Aldo Fabrizi. Mr. Beatty, good actor though he is, looks so much more at home in battledress.

Simone Signoret, on the other hand, is exactly right: the formidable-tender combination typical of Resistance women (though it does seem careless to wear a white jersey for a night parachute landing).

Almost certainly a great film inspired by an Allied Resistance movement will one day be devised in detachment. *Against the Wind* is not yet it. But Resistance recollected in peace is at least one stage ahead of the Resistance imagined in safety in Hollywood.

IN the same programme is to be seen Paul Rotha's controversial documentary, *The World Is Rich*. It has been held up for six months, ostensibly because the film trade doubted the entertainment value of famine. (That particular point would reopen the whole debate over the Belsen news pictures.) There could be other reasons for hesitating to show *The World Is Rich*. A film need not only be entertainment. It can be art; it can be propaganda. *The World Is Rich* is both.

Rotha is one of the early masters of documentary and his picture is a model in its class: the clean clear photography, chorus of commentators, superb selection of shots, introduction of actual personalities (what an actor that old demagogue La Guardia was, and so in the opposite Scottish style, is Sir John Boyd-Orr), cunning assembly of every instrument at the disposal of the cinema to build up the propaganda message. Rotha's skill makes this documentary at its most

powerful—and so potentially most pernicious.

His message, put simply, is this: famine is a terrible thing in the modern world; capitalists, imperialists and black-marketeers are the wicked things that cause it; FAO is the good thing that will cure it. Nobody could question the first point. The third is still unproven; and the film does nothing to prove it for all the emphasis is on the second point. All this powerful short picture's vindictive spleen is vented against the composite bogey of the rich who eat in restaurants—in London or New York—while millions starve in Russia, China or India; the black-marketeers (Western Allied soldiers); and the big bad wolf of American Big Business which, we gather, is responsible for every death from starvation anywhere.

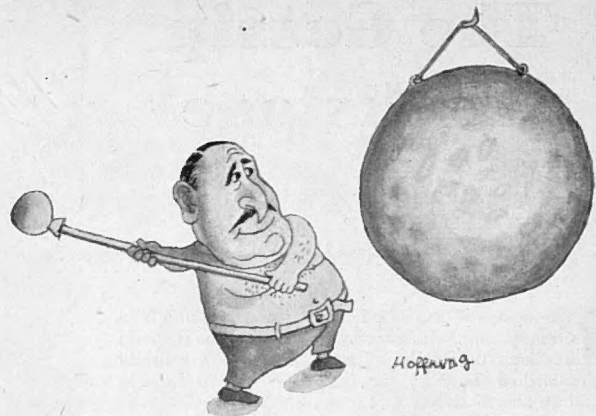
Communist propaganda aside, this is rather too much like biting the hand that is keeping famine from our door. The reasons for the unfamiliar acknowledgement to the "co-operation" of the U.S.S.R. (among other nations) become quite clear; those for the sponsorship of our own Central Office of Information less so.

AT the Odeon, Leicester Square, *The British—Are They Artistic?* is as refreshing and cheering a piece of screen journalism as I have seen for months. Almost it persuades me that in *This Modern Age* Mr. Rank has built up a British film monthly as objective and informative as *The March of Time*, but much more mellow.

The phenomenal wartime boom in British popular enthusiasm for the arts is not just a string of facts. It is true contemporary history. J. L. Hodson's sane, straightforward commentary is never in peril of falling into either the complacent or the patronizing attitude. The reawakening of this philistine island to delight in books, plays and music is illustrated in a lively series of landmarks: the fire of London, the blitzed concert halls and theatres, the National Gallery lunchtime concerts which were almost the beginning of it all, to the crowds swarming to see the recent Van Gogh exhibition.

Pictorially, the *pièce de résistance* surprisingly turns out to be the Glyndebourne *Albert Herring*. I should never have expected opera to survive ordeal by camera better than ballet. But whereas *Adam Zero* seems ill-suited to photographic quotation, *Albert Herring* looks fun enough to tempt any bold producer to a film version—with the original cast.

NO final answer is given to the question of the title. Instead, it is thrown back to the audience in the form of a vivid choice between jitterbug and ballet, art editions and the trash stalls, amusement arcades and art schools. It is a relief to see a British film treat a serious subject lightly without facetiousness; and to see a picture confident enough to indulge in some plain speaking—which Robert Donat must have enjoyed—about both film producers and film public.



EDANA ROMNEY

This accomplished actress from South Africa has her first starring rôle opposite Eric Portman in *Corridor of Mirrors*, with Barbara Mullen and Hugh Sinclair in the supporting parts. She is also joint writer and producer of the film with Rudolph Cartier. H.M. Queen Mary has graciously consented to attend the world première, in aid of the Victoria League, which takes place on March 11 at the Odeon, Leicester Square. The film is the strange and exciting story of a man obsessed by the portrait of a girl painted centuries ago, and of the tragic consequences resulting from his meeting with a girl resembling it



George Bilaukin

AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S



H.E. the Rt. Hon.
W. Jordan, P.C., High
Commissioner for New
Zealand

THERE is probably only one instance in the British Commonwealth of Nations of a former P.C. later placing those initials after his name. The police constable, earning 30s. a week in Limehouse, risen to be a Member of His Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council, is His Excellency the Rt. Hon. William Joseph Jordan, since 1935 New Zealand's effective, popular and outspoken High Commissioner in London.

When riding in the official Rolls-Royce to attend the conference of

High Commissioners in Whitehall with a member of the Cabinet who discusses, perhaps, top secret international problems or subjects of concern to individual Dominions, Jordan does not forget or attempt to hide the days of poverty in Hoxton, the breakfasts and clothes gladly accepted from St. Luke's Parochial School. That is a key to his character as a statesman. He does not forget or ignore basic essentials merely because he sits in marble halls. A refreshing breeze is fairly assured when Jordan attends a gathering, and speaks.

WITH all his experience, Jordan remains an unquenchable idealist. He is a Freeman of his native borough of Ramsgate, Kent, and of the City of London, finds time to be a local preacher in the Methodist Church, and as a follower of Charles Wesley acts as a churchwarden of St. Lawrence Jewry, in the City. (Wesley retained membership of the Church of England till his death.)

A slump in the fish trade in the 'eighties caused Capt. W. Jordan, a smack owner, his wife, son and three daughters to leave Ramsgate for London. Hard times followed. At eleven W. J. Jordan left school, to become office boy at 5s. a week with a Clerkenwell jeweller. He was compelled to return to school for a year, and at twelve, in 1892, turned to Caslon type-founding. When he became old enough, he was apprenticed to coach painting. Illness in this industry was common in those days and Jordan broke down. He went into the engineering side of the postal service. He was restless, turned policeman, but yet could not settle down. In his own words, "Brother, there is a Big Hand in it all."

Jordan booked a passage to New Zealand, landed with 30s. in his pockets, secured a post as a "bush-whacker" at 1s. an hour and earned £4 weekly. He enjoyed stumping, grass seeding, fencing, milking and road-making, but later returned to town life and helped to form the New Zealand Labour Party in Wellington, becoming first hon. secretary. He turned to business, in the gold-mining town of Waihi, and the Waikato township of Ngaruawahia.

AFTER his marriage to Miss Winifred Bycroft, he enlisted to fight for the old country, rose to sergeant-major and was wounded in France. In New Zealand again Jordan became a blender and grader with the Honey Producers' Association. In 1922 he was elected for Manukau, and in 1928, though absent in Canada at an important conference, was re-elected. In 1933 he was chosen president of the New Zealand Labour Party.

Two years later the party gained power and the Premier, Mr. M. J. Savage, said to Jordan, "You may become a member of the Cabinet if you wish, but if you do what I want you to do, you will go as High Commissioner to London." He did. And now, he says, 22,000 people have put down their names for berths in ships to this new El Dorado, where 1,750,000 progressive folk occupying an area equal to the British Isles, export agricultural products and gold worth £80,000,000 yearly.



H.E. Ebd El-Fattah Amr Pasha, the Egyptian Ambassador, Lady Cook, wife of the Society's chairman, Sir Thomas Cook, and Mr. Ernest Bevin at the dinner, which was held at the Dorchester

To Celebrate King Farouk's Birthday

The Foreign Minister at the Anglo-Egyptian Society Dinner



Mrs. Ernest Bevin and the Turkish Ambassador,
H.E. M. Cevat Acikalin



Viscountess Greenwood and the Saudi Arabian
Minister, H.E. Sheik Hafiz Wahba



H.E. Mme. Mohsen Rais, wife of the Iranian
Ambassador, and the Earl of Cromer



H.E. the Begum Rahimtoola, wife of the High
Commissioner for Pakistan, and Sir Thomas Cook



Sir Alfred Webb-Johnson, President of the Royal
College of Surgeons, and Mrs. A. Ghaleb



H.E. the Iraqi Ambassador, Prince Hussein, the
Countess of Cromer and the Iranian Ambassador

The First Investiture of the Year



Capt. Roy Farran, who received the D.S.O. and the second Bar to the M.C., leaving the Palace with his mother



Air Vice-Marshal Thomas Traill, of Woodborough, Notts, with his wife and daughter. He received the C.B. from the King



Brig. John Hirst, of Beaminster, Dorset, with his wife and daughter after having been awarded the C.B.E. and the D.S.O.



Sir William Christie, of Gerrards Cross, Bucks, who was appointed a K.C.I.E., with Lady Christie and Miss Priscilla Christie



Brig. N. D. Wingrove, of Chester, with his wife and daughter, Ann, after receiving the C.B.E.



Lt.-Col. G. Andrews, of H.Q., Western Command, Chester, another recipient of the D.S.O., with his mother and mother-in-law



Air Marshal Sir Hugh Walmsley with Lady Walmsley and their son, Ian. Sir Hugh received the K.C.I.E.



Surg.-Capt. Claude Keating and **Surg.-Rear-Admiral Joseph O'Flynn**, who both received the Order of the Bath



Col. Francis C. Scott, of Bamber Bridge, Lancashire, received the C.B.E. He is, with his wife and son, William



F/Lt. J. C. Cogill, who was awarded the D.S.O. for over 100 bombing missions, with his grandmother, Mrs. A. Mannix



Lt.-Gen. Sir Philip Christison, Bt., of Edinburgh, formerly Commander in the Netherlands East Indies, received the K.C.B.

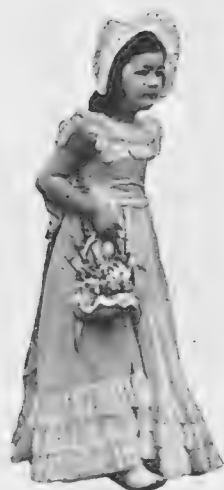


The Queen was at Their Wedding

F/Lt. the Hon. Wentworth Beaumont, R.A.F.V.R., eldest son of Viscount and Viscountess Allendale, married the Hon. Sarah Ismay, second daughter of Gen. Lord Ismay and Lady Ismay, at St. Margaret's, Westminster. The bride was given away by her father, and the best man was Mr. Richard Fortescue, cousin of the bridegroom

Jennifer writes

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL



Two old friends of His Majesty were among those who attended the first Investiture of the year, which the King held immediately after his return with the Queen from Sandringham. They were Sir Eric Miéville, tall, well-groomed expert on Indian affairs and a score of other subjects as well, ranging from finance to racehorses, who knelt before the

King to receive the insignia of a Knight Grand Commander of the Order of the Indian Empire for his work as Private Secretary to Admiral Earl Mountbatten during his period as the last Viceroy of India; and Col. the Viscount Allendale, who was made a Companion of the Bath.

Lord Allendale met the Queen and the two Princesses later in the same day in another capacity, when the Royal ladies attended the wedding of his eldest son at St. Margaret's, Westminster.

The Duke of Edinburgh had accompanied Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret to the pre-wedding dance at the Dorchester a few nights before, but he spent the afternoon of the ceremony on duty at the Admiralty, from which he refuses to be drawn by any engagements of a purely social nature. The Duke did find time, however, to attend a celebration lunch party at the Berkeley, where he joined a small party headed by General Dallas Brooke, who commands the Royal Marines, and Lady Brooke, and including Col. Robert Neville, also of the Royal Marines, who is a close friend of the Duke

and his wife. The General and the Colonel had both received honours at the Investiture.

The Queen, radiant in dove-grey, with a wrap of silver fox furs, and lovely diamond ear-rings and bracelets, Queen Mary, in larkspur blue, and the Princess Royal, wearing dark blue uniform as Commandant-in-Chief of the British Red Cross Society, were together on the crimson-hung dais in the Throne Room at Buckingham Palace for the presentation by Her Majesty of a diamond brooch and a cheque to Dame Beryl Oliver, in recognition of her thirty-six years' service with the Red Cross.

Others I noticed at the subsequent tea party in the State Drawing Room were Helen Duchess of Northumberland, in Red Cross uniform, the Duchess of Portland, with a silver fox cloak over her black coat and skirt, Countess Spencer, in attendance on the Queen, Lady Jean Rankin, Field-Marshal Lord Chetwode, and Lord Woolton. Princess Elizabeth joined the party after the presentation had been made, and stayed talking for nearly an hour to many friends she found at the gathering.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, who for some years was a neighbour of Viscount and Viscountess Allendale when Their Majesties, then Duke and Duchess of York, lived in Piccadilly, attended the wedding of Lord and Lady Allendale's son and heir, the Hon. Wentworth Beaumont, to the Hon. Sarah Ismay, second daughter of Lord and Lady Ismay, at St. Margaret's, Westminster. The Queen, who looked charming in blue, was accompanied by Princess Elizabeth, wearing her smoky blue "going away" coat and hat, and Princess Margaret, who was in a pink frieze coat with nutria-trimmed revers; this fur also trimmed her halo hat and the small muff she carried. The bride, who is a very attractive girl, wore

the most beautiful wedding dress made of the traditional ivory slipper satin, with a cross-over bodice, long tight sleeves, and a sunray pleated skirt. Her voluminous tulle veil, which also formed a train, was held in place by a coronet of lilies of the valley and white hyacinths. This lovely dress was made for her by that clever young designer Hardy Amies, who featured a lot of sunray pleating in his recent spring export collection.

THE bride was attended by four children, Alexandra and Victor Seely, the bridegroom's cousins, who are the enchanting children of Mr. and Mrs. Victor Seely, Patricia Chance and John Percival. The little girls wore long white organdie frocks with primrose satin sashes, and little white wreaths in their hair, while the little pages wore white satin Kate Greenaway suits. There were four older bridesmaids, the bride's youngest sister, the Hon. Mary Ismay, Lady Margaret Fortescue, Miss Sharman Douglas and Miss Catherine Stanley, who wore picture frocks of embroidered primrose organdie made with a fichu, and wreaths of white flowers in their hair.

The Prime Minister came across to the ceremony from Downing Street, but could not spare the time to go on to the reception at Claridges, where Lord and Lady Ismay, the latter in dove-grey, received the guests with Viscount and Viscountess Allendale. Lady Allendale looked charming in a pale yellow dress, with a maroon coat and hat to match.

Among the guests who came to wish the young couple every happiness were the bridegroom's only sister, Viscountess Morpeth, very pretty in red, with her husband, and her four younger brothers, who were thoroughly enjoying the wedding, Earl and Countess Fortescue, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Seely, the Hon. Miriam Fitzalan

Howard, Sir Malcolm Sargent, just back from his concert tour in Switzerland, Lady Mary Crichton, up from Windsor, the Hon. William and Mrs. Astor, the Hon. Mrs. Roland Cubitt and her daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Bruce Shand, Monsieur Massigli, Lady Lascelles and Mrs. Alan Adair, who had given a very successful dance for her debutante daughter Juliet a few days previously, about which I will write next week. Lady Meyer and her mother, Mrs. Charles Knight, were there, but Sir Anthony Meyer was absent, as he was laid up with a recurrence of his war wounds, and Major the Hon. David Bethell was accompanied by his very pretty wife.

THERE was a big gathering in the Dorchester ballroom for the dinner held by the Anglo-Egyptian Society on the anniversary of King Farouk's birthday. H.E. the Egyptian Ambassador presided and received the guests with Lady Cook, the tall, attractive wife of Sir Thomas Cook, chairman of the Society, who was also busy looking after the guests. Mr. Ernest Bevin, who was the guest of honour, came with Mrs. Bevin, who was wearing a pale-blue evening dress.

Among those who came to the dinner were the Iraqi Ambassador and H.R.H. Princess Zeid, who sat on Mr. Bevin's right and looked charming in a lovely gold-embroidered dress with a diamond tiara and enormous diamond and pearl drop earrings. Madame Rais, wife of the Persian Ambassador, looked attractive in black with rows of lovely pearls. She sat next to the Earl of Cromer and Viscount Greenwood, who made a very amusing speech proposing the health of the Government. Mr. Bevin replied to Lord Greenwood's toast and referred to our friendship with Egypt, and ended with the words, "Let not friends quarrel, let friends co-operate."

Sir Alfred Webb-Johnson spoke in place of Sir Frank Sanderson, who was ill and could not come to the dinner, and after speaking of the great understanding that exists in the medical world between Egyptians and ourselves, he said how lucky we were to have the Egyptian Ambassador, Ebd El-Fattah Amr Pasha, "who is the best Ambassador Egypt has ever sent us." I am sure that everyone who knows this charming, quiet Ambassador, who has spent so many years in our midst from the days when he was an undergraduate at Oxford, and used to win our squash rackets championship annually, until recent worrying years, will readily agree.

His Excellency then made a short but splendid speech, very much to the point, and sat down amid the biggest applause of the evening.

AMONG others who came to this interesting dinner were the Turkish Ambassador, the Iranian Ambassador, the Countess of Cromer, looking charming and wearing several decorations on her black dress, Marie Marchioness of Willingdon, the High Commissioner of Pakistan and the Begum Rahimtoola, wearing a wonderful necklace and diamond earrings with her cream-embroidered sari, the Saudi Arabian Minister in his robes, the Lebanese Minister, Major-Gen. and Mrs. Spears, who, of course, spent many years in the Middle East, Lord Courtauld Thomson, Lord Leathers, Lt.-Gen. Stone, wearing an impressive display of medals and the order of the C.B., with his very pretty wife, in black lace with lovely diamond bracelets, Lady Suenson-Taylor, with her son and daughter-in-law, Major-Gen. Pollock and his tall, attractive wife, Sir Louis Greig, Mrs. Molly Edgar, in apricot chiffon with a lovely diamond necklace, Sir James and Lady Marshall Cornwall, Viscountess Greenwood, Mr. Arthur and the Hon. Mrs. Rank, Mr. Christopher Warner, Miss Geraldine Cook, sitting with Sir Richard and Lady Barratt-Lennard, and Sir Frank Nixon and Sir Orme Sargent.

At Capt. and Mrs. John Bartling Pearson's recent cocktail party, where guests had the treat of having an "Old Fashioned" well-iced, everyone seemed to be discussing their travels. This was not surprising, as our host and hostess, with their son and daughter, John and Beverly, had been on a flying visit to Spain and Marrakeesh. Many of the guests had been away, including Mrs. Lewis Douglas, recently returned from the States, who looked charming in a dinner dress under her coat, as she had to go straight on to another party. Admiral Portal, of the U.S. Navy, who has just arrived from Australia, was chatting to the Italian Ambassador, Countess Gallarati-Scotti, who had her two daughters and two sons and a granddaughter with her.

H.E. the Uruguayan Ambassador, M. Mac-Eachen, who speaks such perfect English, brought his pretty and charming daughter Susana to the party. His wife was ill and not able to come. He was chatting to Mrs. Gallman, who looked very attractive in an enchanting



The child bridesmaids were Patricia Chance and Alexandra Seely, the pages Victor Seely and John Percival, and the older bridesmaids were Lady Margaret Fortescue, the Hon. Mary Ismay, sister of the bride, Miss Catherine Stanley, and Miss Sharmar Douglas, daughter of the American Ambassador, the Hon. Lewis W. Douglas

black hat, and who told me that she and her husband have been over here six years now. He is Counsellor at the U.S. Embassy and takes charge when the Ambassador is away. When the Gallmans went home last summer, they took their young sons and have left them at school over there. Capt. Evans, who has just returned from Washington, I met with his attractive Greek wife; they were talking to Mme. Acikalin, who speaks perfect Greek, and the Turkish Ambassador, and also to Admiral W. T. G. Settle, of the U.S.N., who has now gone to Turkey, where he is head of the Naval section of the U.S. Aid to Greece Mission.

The vivacious and pretty hostess, wearing an attractive cocktail dress of the new length with a décolleté neckline, was busy introducing and looking after her guests, and among others I noticed thoroughly enjoying this good party were Admiral of the Fleet Sir John Cunningham and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Mabane, Cdr. Shelley, Admiral and Mrs. Henderson, chatting to Cdr. Bottomley and his delightful wife, Lord and Lady Monson, who were having a long talk with their host (they have now left for Bermuda); Admiral and Mrs. Parry, Admiral Robb and Sir Alec and Lady Coryton.

Talking of so many sailors reminds me that I heard the other day that Vice-Admiral Walter Anderson, who served with the U.S. Navy during the war but has now retired and is living in London, has been awarded the Haakon VII. Liberation Cross by the King of Norway for outstanding services rendered to Norway in time of war. This will give great pleasure to his many friends over here and at his home; Carlinville, Illinois.

A SPLENDID effort I have heard of to help our dumb friends is a dress show at the Plaza Theatre, Belfast, on Friday next, February 27th, at 3 p.m., to raise funds for the new shelter and clinic to be built by the Ulster Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, in Montgomery Street, Belfast. The show is under the patronage of H.E. the Countess of Granville, and many of the lovely young girls who enjoy social life in Northern Ireland are acting as mannequins for this good cause, and I am sure readers in that part of the country will not only want to help the Society, but will also welcome a chance of seeing "New Look" clothes



H.M. the Queen with T.R.H. Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret were present at the wedding. The Queen is seen leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster, escorted by Viscount Allendale, the bridegroom's father, while the two Princesses are following, accompanied by Viscountess Allendale



On a four-in-hand: (behind) Mr. G. G. Osborne and Mr. J. A. Dewar, (in front) Mr. B. Carey, Mrs. Hardy, Mrs. Osborne and Mr. N. Hardy



Mr. Nat Shaw, of Ipswich, with his winner, *Noted Sunlight*, which won the *Waterloo Cup* at *Altcar*. Mr. Shaw also won the cup in 1933

The Coursing Blue Riband



The Marquess and Marchioness of Bath watching the coursing. The Marquess's entry, *Cream*, was beaten in the first tie



Mr. C. H. Hobbs, hon. secretary of the meeting, Sir Archibald Horden, Chief Constable of Lancs., and Major Hugh Peel



Mr. B. Harcourt Wood and Mrs. Philip Dunne were also spectators at one of the best meetings at the *Withins* for many years



Mrs. Twichin, Mrs. Dyke Dennis and Mrs. Horbury were also among those present



Miss Maria Cabral, Count Cabral (president of the Portuguese Coursing Association), Major J. Conran and Mrs. B. Lucas, owner of the semi-finalist, *Misty Lagoon*



Miss Carter, Mrs. Birdsall, Mr. J. Carter and Mr. G. W. Birdsall also found themselves an excellent vantage point from which to watch the ties



Mr. Galway Greer, the owner, with Mr. Andrew Levins Moore, Master of the Ward Union Staghounds



An entry being walked round the enclosure at Ballsbridge before prospective bidders and spectators

Bloodstock Sales at Dublin



Mr. T. A. Vigers, Mrs. A. C. Vigers, Mrs. T. A. Vigers and Mrs. T. C. Vigers were a family group who took great interest in the proceedings. Some excellent horses changed hands, though prices were not spectacular



Cdr. K. C. Kirkpatrick, a former Master of the Co. Down Staghounds, with his daughter, Miss Diana Kirkpatrick



Capt. and Mrs. Denis Baggallay, of Co. Meath. Capt. Baggallay is a prominent Irish trainer



Another northern visitor, Mrs. R. Garland, wife of the Ulster owner, with Mr. B. McNamee



Fennell, Dublin
Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Johnson, from Yorkshire, were among the English contingent at the sales

Self-Profile

Adeline Genée

by

Adeline Genée

In the title-role of
"La Camargo"Mme. Genée early in the century:
a portrait by William Frank

Years before the Russian Ballet came to town, Mme. Genée was cultivating a taste for this form of art in London audiences. The present immense interest in it can be directly traced to her influence and partisanship at a time when it was thought of as a casual diversion, and she is still actively engaged in spreading knowledge of the ballet and its traditions, and encouraging young and promising dancers everywhere

George V. approved the grant of a Royal Charter.

The Old Tradition

IT was a joy to me to be president of an institution that assured British ballet of a steady flow of new and young dancers. It meant that in this country we were no longer dependent upon graduates of the schools of other lands, and now we are in the proud position of even being able to export ballerinas.

It is the function of the Royal Academy of Dancing to see that the correct and traditional ballet technique is handed down to posterity in its integrity. A good deal of my time is spent travelling about the country, examining young dancers for the Academy. Our tentacles have spread out to the Dominions and countries all over the world. Every year some 16,000 children, from the age of five upwards, appear before our approved examiners in what is termed "Children's Examinations," as distinct from "Major Examinations." My services to the cause were recognised by the University of London in 1946, when they conferred upon me the degree of Doctor of Music. I think I can claim to be the first dancer to receive this distinction. Ninette de Valois was similarly honoured the other day.

Denmark naturally still has a great attraction for me, and I like to spend about half the year over there at my home, situated in pleasant country about four miles outside Aarhus. I am not starved for ballet. I go to Copenhagen from time to time to see the Royal Danish Ballet. It would be lovely to welcome them over here this year, just as they welcomed an English company, headed by Markova, Ninette de Valois, Ruth French, Phyllis Bedells, Harold Turner and Anton Dolin in Copenhagen in 1932, who all danced before the Danish Royal Family and the Duke of Windsor, then Prince of Wales.

Future Plans

WHEN travelling becomes easier I have every intention of going farther afield and visiting the Dominions. I want to go to South Africa, Canada, New Zealand and Australia. The Royal Academy of Dancing is represented in all these countries, and nothing would give me greater satisfaction than to see for myself how young dancers there are keeping the flag flying. After observing Paddy Stone's spectacular success as a dancer in *Annie Get Your Gun*, at the Coliseum, I find it gratifying to recall that I passed him at a Royal Academy of Dancing examination in Winnipeg a few years ago. I am now anxious to see for myself what talent is developing in Cape Town, Johannesburg, Sydney and Auckland, and other cities across the sea.

management at Stettin, where at the age of fourteen I danced as guest artist at the Stadt Theatre. During the summer season of 1896 I was invited to Berlin to dance in *The Rose of Shiraz* at the Kroll Royal Opera House, replacing the famous Antoinette Del Era. My reputation was spreading on the Continent, and a year's engagement followed at the National Opera in Munich. While there I was asked to dance in London during the Diamond Jubilee celebrations, but I could not obtain my release. The offer was repeated later in the year, and on November 21st, 1897, I was first seen in London at the old Empire Theatre in Leicester Square in the Treasure Island scene in the ballet *Monte Cristo*. I remained to dance on that stage for over 3000 nights, and on one of them I had the proud joy of introducing Delibes' delicious *Coppélia* to British audiences.

At the Coliseum

ENGLAND became my home and I was happy to dance for audiences who had a real appreciation of ballet. Then came my American tours. These lasted five years and were followed by my visiting Australia and New Zealand. After leaving the Empire I staged my own ballets at the Coliseum, the most notable being *Butterflies and Roses*, *La Camargo*, *La Danse* and *The Dryad*. The greatest care was taken in the mounting of these works by C. Wilhelm, and genuine antique furniture was used in *La Camargo*, which was insured for £2,000. Music in most of my ballets was by Dora Bright.

In 1914, on my return from Australia, I gave my farewell season at the Coliseum. By then I had married very happily, which was my reason for retirement. I have always been my own sternest critic, and was determined to leave the stage before people shook their heads and said, "You should have seen her ten years ago!" I could easily have appeared another ten years, but I stood by my decision. Apart from a few appearances for charity, I have not danced since.

I have never enjoyed being idle. I must have an interest in life, and embroidery and reading are my joys. With additional leisure on my hands, I found more time to attend those Dancers' Circle dinners, where ballet enthusiasts used to meet to discuss the best way of developing their favourite art in England.

The Association of Operatic Dancing of Great Britain emerged from these dinner-table talks, and in 1920 I was elected first president. Eight years later the Association was honoured by Her Majesty Queen Mary, who graciously consented to become its Patroness. In 1935 the title was, by the King's Command, altered to "The Royal Academy of Dancing," and King

MY first two years, I am told, were very tearful, as I was occupied largely by crying day and night. It may have been that I, unconsciously, mourned the loss of my twin brother that made me take such a melancholy view of things at the beginning of my life. Be this so or not, I must confess to having found the rest considerably more a cause for happiness and smiles than for tears.

My earliest recollection of dancing was partnering my sister in a waltz at the station hotel of our native town near Aarhus, Jutland. That waltz was to decide my future. I was only five at the time, and we danced in honour of my uncle and aunt, M. and Mme. Alexander Genée, who were paying a family visit. At the end of our waltz I was seated on a throne-like chair while Uncle Alexander examined my foot. He was impressed by my high instep, said I had "a dancer's foot and was born to become a dancer. It was agreed that I should go to them for training as soon as I was old enough, and as I approached my ninth birthday I joined them to study in Copenhagen.

Dancing Through Europe

UNCLE ALEXANDER was a well-known dancer and ballet master, and his wife the fascinating Hungarian ballerina, Antonia Zimmermann. At the head of their own company they toured the greater part of Europe with much success.

The rest of my childhood was devoted to dancing. I was steeped in dancing—morning, noon and night—for breakfast, dinner and supper. The other side of my education was, naturally, not neglected. A governess was engaged to look after it, but dancing always came first. I had my principal dancing lessons in the morning, which is the most suitable time of day for such vigorous exercise. The governess taught her subjects whenever she could fit them in, and music likewise.

There was a certain amount of drudgery about those years, but I was encouraged by my uncle, who was a great man. He was in the royal line of great names in ballet, and I was rather awed and proud to be his pupil. Aunt Antonia had been a fellow-student with Adele Granzow, who was taught by her father, another famous name in the past history of ballet. I was attached to the company, and toured the Scandinavian countries. While in Oslo—Kristiania then—at the age of ten and a half, I made my first bow to the public, dancing a polka entitled *À la Picard*. That bow was rather surly, I fear, as I refused to smile, having recently lost a front tooth!

I gained experience and stage confidence early, being given the opportunity to appear in my uncle's own company. Eventually he went into



Mme. Georgette Thiollere-Miller, who was third in the women's slalom at the Olympic winter sports, wore an original turban of soft woollen net for the event



A holidaymaker, Mme. Elinor Brattellek, of Paris, wore this practical and attractive outfit of a canary-yellow embroidered smock and blue ski-trousers

The Parisian Note at St. Moritz

Priseilla in Paris The Lucky Beggar

THERE have been many good stories about the 5000-fr.-note crisis, but may I be forgiven if I add one more to them?—one of which I was an eye-witness. In one of the underground passages of a Métro station, on the second day of the calling-in, an old, blinded man was chanting his lamentable plea for charity. A red-faced, bull-necked individual who looked like a butcher, and therefore was probably something quite different, stopped an instant, fumbled in his pocket, pulled out a handful of paper, crushed it into a ball, dropped it into the blind man's hat, and went on his way without looking back.

The poor old fellow fingered the crackly paper incredulously. Remembering that, quite recently, a gang of roughs stole a blind man's accordion from him, I began to feel nervous . . . and mounted guard. He tucked his shapeless hat under his arm and with trembling fingers smoothed out what proved to be four 5-mille notes. He couldn't realise it, so I stepped in and explained.

He was as white as the tiled wall against which he was leaning. "What shall I do?" he asked. "Fold them up small and hold them tightly in your hand," I suggested. He had his identity and ration-cards with him, so the next thing was to get him to the nearest post-office or bank. We stopped, *en route*, for the pick-me-up he badly needed. When we reached the long, waiting queue outside a branch office of the X Bank, the *agent de police* on duty allowed me to pilot him into the priority group.

Half an hour later the old chap set off for home with the receipt for 20,000 frs. pinned safely into an inner pocket. His face was something to remember, and it is pleasant to know what the money will do for his war-widowed daughter, who goes out "charing" and for a grandchild in need of many things. This is also the true story of why I missed a cocktail-party at Captain Molyneux's lovely flat on the Quai d'Orsay in honour of charming June Dunderdale, his new publicity manager. It was getting late, and I was going out to a shoulders-and-tails affair that evening. The present dearth of petrol has made Paris streets very pleasant for pedestrians, but it cramps one's style in getting around. However, that was one trip by Métro that I don't regret.

"LE MAÎTRE DE SANTIAGO," a magnificent play by Henry de Montherlant, has just been produced at the Théâtre Hébertot. May it be translated into all languages, and may it be seen by all our profiteers, Black Market merchants and a good percentage of our politicians! The theme is austere but rich in interest, and exactly what we need in these troublous times. The action takes place in 1519,

at Avila, when the West Indies were under Spanish domination. "With that conquest began the twilight of Spain . . . the greed, the hypocrisy, the illicit bartering that overwhelmed the country . . ."

DON ALVARO DABO, of the Order of Santiago, who has been a great soldier, lives in voluntary retirement and semi-poverty. Weary of the world—or rather, of what his world has become—he longs to live "among people who are neither evil-minded nor criminals nor fools!" A plot is laid, in which his daughter takes part, to oblige him to accept a mission to the West Indies that will enrich him and enable the girl to marry the man she loves. In the end, however, the daughter reveals the truth and, remaining with her father, who refuses the mission, prepares to face the poverty and austerity in which they will find, if not happiness, at least contentment. The part of Don Alvaro is beautifully played by Henri Rollan, one of the great French actors who, alas for French propaganda, is never seen on the "silver screen." Mme. Hélène Vercors, the wife of the Secretary of State, M. Pierre Bourdan, is perfect—and beautiful to see—in the rôle of the daughter. Now that the travel ban is lifted and many British visitors are announced for the spring, I suggest that they visit this play. It can easily be sandwiched between gayer evenings at Tabarin or the Casino de Paris.



ON the first night it held the audience spellbound. Not a creak from stiff shirt-fronts, not a fidget from tulle-swathed shoulders. M. and Mme. André Maurois, usually so calmly phlegmatic, applauded as if they were mere upper-gallery "fans." Mme. Simone Porché wept. M. François Mauriac registered emotion. As for me, I have booked seats again for next week, and maybe I shall book again for the week after that!

Voilà!

● M. Pierre Lefranc, the well-known antiquarian, is superstitious. Returning from Lyons the other day, he noticed that his seat on the train that left from No. 7 platform was No. 7. He arrived in Paris at 7 minutes past 7. At his flat, 7 letters awaited him. Next day, February 7th, he went to the races and played his hunch, putting 7000 frs. on the 7th horse in the 7th race. The horse came in 7th!



THE ST. MORITZ



Eddy Reinalter, the clever Swiss skier, won the men's special slalom event in 2 mins. 10.3 secs., beating J. Couttet (France) by half a second. Dr. D. Garrou, first of the British placings, took just over three minutes



Mr. Thomas Snow, C.M.G., British Minister to Switzerland since 1946, watching the ski-jumping competition



Capt. Sigge Bergmann, captain of the very successful Swedish ski team, sitting between Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Kiaer



A member of the U.S. team, Mass., making a spectacular skating



Barbara Ann Scott (Canada), who won the women's skating championship



The Duke of Hamilton practising for the downhill ski race



Andrea Mead and Gretchen Frazer (first in the slalom) from U.S.A.



Prince and Princess Hans of Li and their niece Monica were

OLYMPICS REACHED THEIR CLIMAX IN BRILLIANT WEATHER



Miss Marion Davies, a member of the British figure-skating team



Prince René of Bourbon-Parma, husband of Princess Margrethe of Denmark



M. Sigrid Edstrom, President of the Olympic Committee, with Mme. Otto Mayer



The official guests from Norway included M. Borge Andersen, Mme. Larssen Urdall and Mlle. Stange, here watching an event



Mr. Arnold Lunn, "father" of Swiss winter sports, was a member of the Committee

When Merrill, of Boston, "jump" in the free-



Dr. R. H. Schloss

The reigning Princess Gina of Liechtenstein with her sons, Hans Adam and Philipp



Disaster—accepted very cheerfully—overtakes Miss Sheena Mackintosh in the downhill race. She nevertheless proved herself one of the most promising of the young British skiers



"Aië! Wow! Hubbubboo! Help! Miséricorde! Run! Run!"

[Decorations]
by Wysard

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Standing By ...

THREE obstructive Ministries, a Town and Country Planning Authority, questions in the Commons, and miles of red-tape were all involved in a citizen's recent application to build a small wooden hut for a Berkshire goat. And serve the bureaucratic horde right (we thought) if the goat turned out to be a descendant of the Great Black Goat of Buzançay! Aië! Wow! Hubbubboo! Help! Miséricorde! Run! Run!

On the other hand, goat-breeders tell us, booky girls find no difficulty in getting Transport Board licences for the goats they ride to sabbats, parties, congresses, and covens; the austere old-time broomstick, which needed nerve, a good seat, and iron wrists, being long since out of fashion, as Yeats cried bitterly after a P.E.N. Club rally.

All the wild witches, those most noble ladies,
For all their broomsticks and their tears,
Their angry tears, are gone,
The holy centaurs of the hills are vanished . . .

In a word, those babies have gone "soft," and the old witch's gibe at a nervous P.E.N. Club girl in the Brocken scene of *Faust* now applies to one and all, if you remember it.

AN OLD WITCH: Girls ain't what they was. Just a lot o' blasted sissies nowadays. (*Spirits.*) Rot 'em all, says I.

MEPH (*laughing*): Hop it, sissy, you're rumbled!

FAUST: Oh, I say, Sir, too bad! You've made her cry! Oh, I say!

(*A passing publisher escorted by demons shakes his fist.*)

Too bad. Too, too bad. Excuse our vulgar laughter.

Racket

WHATEVER our Black Market boys have it isn't originality, one perceives from a recent attempt to put across the Hertfordshire police the oldest contraband-gambit on earth, namely the Coffin Trick.

In this case it was Black Market bacon which filled the coffin in the (off-duty) motor-hearse. Elsewhere it's chiefly brandy or rifles; the latter commodity incidentally explaining funeral-processions in rural Greece, in which coffins are escorted to the grave open, with the body on show. This rather macabre custom originated during the Turkish occupation at the request of the Turkish police, who grew tired of finding passing coffins full of arms and ammunition and shooting all the mourners. We'd have thought more of the Black Market boys if they'd arranged a proper bogus funeral à la grecque, but their lack of imagination is quite distressing, as indeed their tasteless pans reveal.

One intelligent way of putting contraband across the cops is the way of the woman in Sean O'Faolain's *Irish Journey* who crossed the Border into Donegal to buy illegal poteen to make sloe-gin. On the way back in the evening her car was held up at the Ulster Customs station, which closes at 6 p.m. An official asked for a lift and noticed the jar. "What's in the jar?" he asked, and she said "Poteen," and he said "Ha, ha, ha!" and got in, and she drove home.

Gift

EVOR's" pleasing discovery in a recent number of *Punch* that *The Hound of the Baskervilles* is largely written in accurate blank verse, apart from several obvious rhyming quatrains, lacked only one final feat of detection, we thought. That ringing line spoken by Sherlock Holmes towards the end:

It is our friend Sir Henry's missing boot . . .

is plainly from a Wordsworth sonnet. After some trouble we've traced it. It was written

in 1802, on the evening after Wordsworth presented Miss Jewsbury with that historic stuffed owl in a glass case, and is addressed to the Mr. Wilkinson who owned a spade:

I gave my friend La Jewsbury the bird—
O, Wilkinson! and was that baby sore!
High living and plain thinking are no more,
Or why should English Roses use a word
From raving cabmen frequently o'erheard
And jotted down by Milton once before?
No grandeur in it, but a hint of gore:
"You ruddy So-and-so!"—nay, 'tis absurd!
And yet, despite my fearful innocence,
I guess'd that Voice, whose sound was like
the sea,
Meant those extremely harmful cracks for me!
Yet still what hurts my ear is not that hoot
Alleging little care and less expense—
It is our friend Sir Henry's missing boot.

And who shall blame the poet Wordsworth (surnamed Hippokephalos, or Horse-Face) for lodging this complaint?

Blow

CROSSING nearly all the old regular hacks and deadheads, social and other, off the first-night free-list of a recent West End production was the most heartless trick in the history of the London stage since Mrs. Siddons ate the call-boy, we dare aver.

Having once been forced to go to the theatre every other night or so for six months (and what was worse, to write politely about our experiences afterwards) we know what those unfortunate old toughies are looking like at this very moment—namely, offended, slightly constipated swans, dazed, haughty, and incredulous. In Paris they are called *hirondelles*, or swallows, presumably from their habit of skimming lightly from theatre to theatre. Since they go to first-nights not to see the play but each other, without charge, they are apt to crumble into dust when denied this treat; hence the special ashcans in the vestibules of Parisian theatres, adjoining the *contrôle*.

Higlif

HAVE you observed that the publicity-boys have dropped those fascinating high-life ads. we used to love, featuring Lord Rupert and Lady Angela at the ball, discussing bunions and shiny noses? We lately asked one of the boys why. He said the Race is satiated with aristocratic chatter. Doubting this, we suggested a new angle, namely a combined ad. bringing in the salient charms of all. Thus:

BRIGGS—by Graham



"Aren't these terrible times, m'Lord? Only half-filling the whisky bottles next . . ."

LORD HENRY: How awful you look tonight, Lady Pam! I have never seen your ears looking so large and red before!

LADY PAM: Well, I like them that way. Ever since I banished my spots with BOBBO—

LORD JAMES: You recalcitrant haybag, you could glorify your ears by soaking them nightly in YOBBO! Romantic, fascinating ears are within the reach of every woman who uses YOBBO, ensuring ear-joy and chic glamourette.

SIR REGGIE: Its fragrance is that of the mystic, alluring East. One dab with COBBO makes your corns a memory.

LADY BABS: And they do not shrink in the wash.

LADY PAM: What don't?

LADY BABS: Curtains, underwear, sheets—every dainty linen requisite NOBBO-ised for the Home Beautiful.

(A pause.)

LORD ERIC: I suggest that as there seems to be some little misunderstanding we each take one of these handy little KWIKSHAVE razor-blades, turning an ordeal into a rapture, and cut our jugulars.

LORD CHARLES: The rugs can be cleaned in a trice with ZOBBO.

(They then cut their throats.)

He said the idea was good, but the public prefers a happy ending. Which it surely is?

Salty

DEFTLY weaving into his story of the Queen Mary's late stormy passage to New York one or two technical boss-words like "abaft" and "abeam," one of the Fleet Street boys set us wondering, as often before, where Swift got all that heave-ho blue-water stuff for Gulliver's voyage to Brobdingnag. E.g.:

We reef'd the Foresail and set him, we haul'd aft the Fore-sheet; the Helm was hard a-weather. The Ship wore bravely. We belay'd the Fore-down-haul . . . we haul'd off upon the Lanyard of the Whipstaff, we got the Starboard Tacks aboard, then cast off our Weather-Braces and Lifts (etc., etc., etc.).

Devilish impressive; and as the Dean spent his life working not for his master-mariner's ticket but for that rich bishopric of which his Whig employers ultimately cheated him (as Whigs will), we can't think where he got it. Hardly from a few awful crossings of the Irish Channel? Hardly from standing pints in Wapping pubs, as Shakespeare probably did? Probably Swift boldly made it all up, being well aware, as Kipling remarked some time later, that "luckily the men of the sea don't write to the Press." Many best-sellers have got away with it thus, we dare aver.

Rally

HOW a newly-published manual entitled *Commonsense Rock-Gardening*—implying an effective rebuke to fops and triflers who merely fool round with rocks—deals with the first problem involved in rock-gardening we haven't yet discovered. This problem is obviously not what you grow on rocks, but how you get the rocks there to begin with.

This is being solved very simply, a chap in close touch tells us, by Britain's garden-loving bigamists. In the place of casual labour at a ruinous fee, relays of wives in cheap, neat coolie-costume trot to and fro with rocks free of all charge, alleviating their labours with song, like Annamite sailors.

Ho! Hé! Ho!

Hisse! Hé! Ho!

For some time (adds this chap) the National Union of Bigamists has been urging a national gardening programme on the Government fixing minimum effective-wife-hours per day. Posters will take the traditional line employed in world-wars:

BIGAMISTS OF BRITAIN!

YOUR WIVES' COURAGE, YOUR WIVES' TENACITY,
YOUR WIVES' DEVOTION

CAN MAKE BRITISH ROCK-GARDENING
AN EXAMPLE TO CIVILISATION!

You ask why we support this scheme? Because the national sister-sport of Cricket is somewhat under a cloud at the moment, with five of our heroes tucked up in beddybys in the West Indies. For the sake of manly, open-air British recreation we therefore, etc., etc.

EMMWOOD'S

WESTMINSTER WARBLERS (NO. 8)

A bird whose menacing cry is much worse than the snap of its beak, in the opinion of its prospective prey



The Common Spiv Harrier—or Butterfly Catcher

(Bedirecid-Anwurcanwant)

ADULT MALE: General colour above ashy-fulvous; skull crest negligible, daintily tufted to the rear of upper mandibles; beak roseate and slightly bulbous; extremely blue around the lower mandibles; neck feathers inclined to scragginess; body feathers sombre; shanks slender; feet large, leathery and often misplaced.

HABITS: This laboriously lively little member of the sub-order is a tireless chatterer, its harsh, strident call, a kind of "Weelorlavter-worc" in addition to frightening many of its own species, has been known to cause many a furtive flutter in the breasts of the smaller insects—even as far afield as Soho. The Spiv Harrier feeds, chiefly, on Spivs and Butterflies;

it is for ever seeking new methods of ensnaring these dainty little "fly-by-nights" within its bill.

It is most entertaining to watch the Spiv Harrier attempting to "take" a Spiv or Butterfly while in flight. Though the bird will twist and turn and get up to many a laudable manoeuvre, it very easily loses its sense of direction and the Spiv will be free to flit away to its cabbages—or other green matter.

HABITATS: The Spiv Harrier nests and roosts almost exclusively at Westminster. Its nest is always well lined with printed matter, the bird being quite an authority on this form of verbiage, as are, of course, many other members of the sub-order.

Sabretache

Pictures in the Fire

"Lord Lonsdale was the supreme master of the leg-haul; Lord Derby was never thus minded, but his quiet perception was in every way as keen"



Two Australian Members of the Oxford Boat Race crew going to practice on the Isis. They are L. S. Williams and G. C. Fisk, both from Sydney, N.S.W.

It must have staggered many people—and Scotsmen more than anyone else—to be told by Mr. Emrys Hughes, who surely cannot be a Scot, despite the fact that he is the Member for South Ayrshire, that Burns is extremely popular in Russia, and that many of his most famous poems have been translated by Marshak, a Soviet poet, and included in a recently published anthology.

If there were one British poet less likely to appeal to what is the common conception of the Muscovite than "Rabbie," I should say that it would be difficult to name him. The sentiment and soul of Burns suggest to me that they are too delicate for such a palate. Mr. Emrys Hughes says that *To A Mouse* is one of the poems selected by Marshak. I wonder how on earth the Scottish is rendered in that most unmusical tongue. Presumably, we may next hear that Burns has been "done into" the wild and woolly Pushtoo, with which I have not nearly so good an acquaintanceship as I have with Scottish, which I have been told by possibly kind people that I speak with hardly a trace of accent.

"Stera-ma-shé" may help any Pathan adaptor of *Auld Lang Syne*, for it signifies a kindly wish, and is akin to "here's a haund my trusty freend, and gie's a haund o' thine." I hope that Marshak has not embodied one poem, "Ae fond kiss and then we sever! Ae farewell—alas for ever." That, I think, would tear the heart-strings of many, and at this particular moment I hate the very thought of its being mangled by any translator.

The Late Lord Derby

GREAT as is the loss to the Turf, it is certain that in a more confined circle it will be even greater. As an owner and breeder of some of the best of our English bloodstock, Lord Derby was pre-eminent, but it is in the personal relationship that his death will be more keenly felt by all who had the privilege of knowing him.

It is the heart inside that is the true value and that irradiates the kindliness which, whilst palpable, is indefinable. It is this which will be the monument to his memory, outlasting the great record which he set up on the Turf with such horses as Sansovino (the Derby, 1924),

Hyperion (Derby and Leger, 1933), and so many others. These two great horses, particularly Hyperion, have done immense service to our bloodstock, and it is a benefit that will carry on through equine generations to come.

Though utterly dissimilar in most ways to another great pillar in the world of sport, the late Lord Lonsdale, both had one thing in common, an innate sense of humour, lacking which, I venture to declare, no one can make any success of life at all. Lord Lonsdale was the supreme master of the leg-haul; Lord Derby was never thus minded, but his quiet perception was in every way as keen. Friend and casual acquaintance alike will say: "Peace to the ashes of one who was genuinely beloved."

National Notes

PROBABLY a good many of us who have backed doubles may be disturbed by what happened at Windsor and Haydock to prominent horses engaged in the big jump race, but I do not believe that we ought to fly to any hasty conclusions, for three miles over that twisty Windsor course and three miles and a half at Haydock are not at all the same thing as these horses have to face at Aintree.

Before saying anything about the failures of Rowland Roy and Revelry, I think it would be a good thing to get down one definite impression—namely, that it would have been taking a risk running Charles Edward in the National. Some time ago I did not think that he looked like getting over the big fences, and Windsor confirmed this idea. It is not for me to say, of course, but I personally believe that the only practice for big fences is big fences, and that anything that encourages a horse to think that he can go through them is a mistake. Charles Edward was a strong, muscular horse with plenty of dash and determination, and a good deal more pace than his appearance might have suggested. His fatal accident at Lingfield was a calamity.

As to Rowland Roy: he was brought down in last year's Grand National after having got as far as Becher's the second time. He is a very nice class horse, with all the stature and speed necessary for the great adventure, but I am quite sure that he is not the best in his stable. Revelry's failure at Haydock creates a very great doubt. This horse has never had to go

much farther than three miles and a bit; he won the Irish National like a good one, and they rate him very high in his own country. At Aintree last year the Irish brigade were pretty full of confidence about him, but the first one put him down, which, of course, is an accident that may happen to the best, but this Haydock performance does not suggest that he will stay anything like 4 miles 856 yards, and to finish fifth in a field by no means first class is not very reassuring.

He is a very good jumper, and one never dare say that any Irish horse can be disregarded at Aintree, for they know so much about it that when they do make mistakes there is usually the unavoidable accident factor in it. This Haydock performance, however, ought to make us think a bit before backing him, and I am rather surprised to see that he and Rowland Roy still hold their ground in the betting lists.

Some of the advertised prices are a bit difficult to comprehend. For instance, one or two horses' prices appear to be unduly cramped; others on the generous side almost approximating to rashness, e.g., Caughoo 33 to 1, and I say this in spite of his recent failure at Leopardstown. These three-milers are no real test. However, this is entirely The Fielders' affair; but I should be surprised to be told that all these quotations are "to money" since the general information is that ante-post business on the Spring Double is extremely light. Where the Lincoln and National are concerned we are dealing with the two greatest toss-ups in the whole calendar, and I do not know which is the more chancy, probably the Lincoln, which space compels me to leave untouched until next week, which, anyway, will be closer to the 13th of the Mad Month. As to the present Grand National quotations, I think The Pencillers are unduly nervous about Rowland Roy, who at the time of writing is two points shorter than Revelry and four shorter than Silver Fame and Roimond. Where the Grand National is concerned it is always a case of *tot homines*, and, of course, that is as it should be. One man, however, is doubtful whether either of these two last-named have just claims to be considered Patent Safeties. Revelry may jump the fences, as long as he is fresh; the other one I doubt, purely from a personal "look-see."

A Trio of Entries for the Grand National



Ultra Bene, a nice-looking entry by Lord Mildmay of Flete, which will carry 10 st. 1 lb. at Aintree



Royal Cottage, Mr. H. E. Pretymann's promising outsider, seen with J. Gilbert up



War Risk, Mrs. John Rogerson's good horse, which is well up in the handicapping



Mr. P. C. Jackson, of Horsfield, and Miss Keay, of Lydford, were two of the large field which turned out



Major F. O. Morris (centre), of Okehampton, is Field Master of the Hunt, which is run by the Lamerton Farmers' Committee



Miss M. Lysaght, of Moorlands, Lydford, was another keen member of the hunt who enjoyed an exciting run



The Lamerton Hunt Meet on Dartmoor

The hounds move off from the village of Lydford, where it was the first time a meet had been held for thirty years. Frank Gerry, the huntsman, has been with the pack fifteen years



Mrs. John Wilson, of Cranmere Lodge, Lydford, and Mrs. R. Howard, of Hillside, Lydford, were early arrivals

Scoreboard

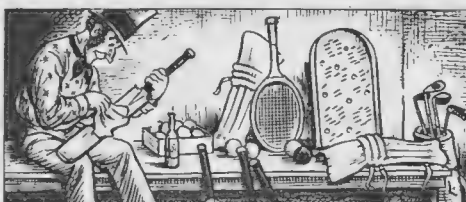
FEBRUARY is the month for giving cricket bats their first coating of oil, repainting red golf-balls white, re-feathering shuttlecocks, and reorganising the nailing system of Corinthian Bagatelle. It is also the time for casting a last and lingering look at the snowdrops, whose brief tenancy reminds us, as if we didn't know, of the transience of innocence and beauty.

In February, too, those of us, and few we are, who know what we're up to, sharpen the card sense, thus achieving a clearer realisation that a partner who calls "Four Clubs" when fourth player (eighth, if everyone is drunk) means to indicate Six Hearts to the nine and an unrequitable passion for Dorothy Lamour, and that a six-chinned man with a pearl tie-pin and an eight-high hand who shouts "Seven No-Trumps" is tired to the guts of the whole game and would far rather be dancing a Perpetual One-Step with his secretary, a saucy little baggage with an old head and a New Look.

TALKING of Bridge, as it seems we must, an American correspondent sends me a curious hand which happened to four players whom chance threw together on All Souls' Night in a Manhattan apartment. Each player was dealt a complete suit, and, of course, nothing else. That, in itself, was interesting; but my correspondent is more concerned with the players themselves. He gives their professions as follows:—a shipping clerk, whose anxiety is introspective and expressed in curious mythologies; a Canadian intelligence officer, who is troubled by the unreality of philosophy; a New York department store worker, who has discovered that her freedom is chimerical; and an American naval officer, agonised by the peculiar

frustration of the connubially successful. Unfortunately, by some freak of forgetfulness, he omits to give the calling.

JACK HOBBS told me the other day that, while he was travelling to his Fleet Street shop with a new cricket bat, he was asked by at least a dozen people whether he was joining the M.C.C. team in the West Indies. A few more accidents over there, and we shall yet see Sir Pelham Warner in the third Test. Who was the oldest England cricketer to play in a Test? Wilfred Rhodes, I fancy; West Indies, 1929;



aged fifty-one. Second, Dr. W. G. Grace, versus Australia, Nottingham, 1899, aged fifty.

How whimsically does the law of supply and demand operate in international sport. In the West Indies, too few cricketers; at St. Moritz, too many ice-hockey players. Truly, man is Fate's football; as Ouida wrote to Emile Zola, in an otherwise pointless letter.

IN the middle of this month, sixty-four years ago, died Calverley, known in his fore-shortened Oxford days as Charles Stuart Blayds; surely the greatest athlete who ran in no race except a hare-and-hounds affair with tradesmen who disliked his habit of sign-stealing. What a

long-jumper was lost by his laziness. As a boy at Harrow, he leapt down the entire flight of the school steps, a jump of 17 ft. in length and 9 in depth. As a poet, he could have been with Tennyson; but all too seldom he

*Heard the trumpet-echoes rolling
Thro' the phantom-peopled sky,
And the still voice bid this mortal
Put on immortality.*

He preferred to play the incomparable fool. Somewhere,

*In moss-pranked dells which the sunbeams flatter,
Calverley is still laughing.*

EARLY in this century, when C. B. Fry strung together six consecutive hundreds, a hard-hearted statistician also printed a list of the thirty-eight batsmen who "failed to trouble the scorer in either innings." This morbid interest in failure might, with advantage, be revived and extended to other pastimes. It would be soothing, for instance, to turn from the public utterances of H.M. Ministers to the intelligence that A. Boggs, the Tottenham Wednesday centre-forward, has missed 46 open goals so far this season; that Mr. Albert Skimble, of Peckham Rye, fell sixteen times while attempting a simple figure-of-eight last Friday; and that Councillor Henry Boffin, while attempting to open the new Darts-board in the Bursting Frog, sliced fifteen times into the mezzotint of Fred Archer. We are a news-starved nation. Run along now, faithful readers, and stick no bills.

R.C. Robertson Glasgow.



Handel with the score of "Messiah": painted in 1750 by Thomas Hudson.

THIS is just about the right time of year for a new book on Christopher Marlowe. That youngest of the great Elizabethans possessed more even than his mighty contemporary of the very stuff of earliest spring.

I doubt if there is any modern young person with a grain of poetry in him who has not been knocked silly by *Dido* or *Faustus* at a first reading, and it would appear from the evidence that Shakespeare was the first greenhorn to enjoy the experience.

The Muses' Darling, by Charles Norman (Falcon; 12s. 6d.), is the latest attempt to deduce something of the life of this virile, swaggering poet who sang like the first bird in February. And his dazzling line "Whoever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?" which Shakespeare quoted, is the posy of the book.

Facts are few; the young poet was both scholar and, as it would appear from a highly mysterious top-secret document sent by the Privy Council to the University authorities where he was a student, a spy. He was several times arrested on charges of manslaughter and at least once as an atheist—a much more serious crime in those enlightened days. He was a successful playwright recognised by his generation, and he died when he was twenty-nine from a stab in the head after a difference about the bill in a public-house in Deptford.

The Revival of the Water-Colour



Kenneth Wood, one of the most original of our water-colour painters, is holding an exhibition of his recent works at the Redfern Gallery. During the latter part of the war he served on the staff of our Ambassador to Iraq, where he obtained material for the imaginative picture of Baghdad reproduced on the right

Margery
Allingham's

Book Reviews

"The Muses' Darling"

"Three Came Home"

"Orpheus"

"The Franchise Affair"

"The World of Music" is the title of a new series published by Max Parrish, the first two volumes being *Messiah*, by Julian Herbage, and *The Golden Age of Vienna*, by Hans Gal (6s. each). The text is scholarly and attractive, and care and distinction mark the format. The illustrations are in both black and white and colour. Those reproduced here are from the Handel volume, to which Mr. Herbage has brought an unusual quality of speculation, and minuteness of research



Susanna Maria Cibber, one of the soloists at the first performance

The man who killed him seems to have done nothing else whatever of any significance and escaped punishment by pleading self-defence.

MR. CHARLES NORMAN is an American, and he has the passionate thoroughness which distinguishes the research work of his nation's students. I doubt if he has unearthed anything particularly new about Marlowe, but I am open to bet that he has gathered and sifted absolutely everything still to be found about him. The book is indexed and annotated, illustrated and documented, and here and there he has permitted his fancy to re-create the scene.

The fact that he does indeed succeed in presenting a rounded and convincing picture of this inspired bully, about whom so much that is false has been written ever since he died, is remarkable, since the records which do exist are sketchy. Yet Marlowe in his lifetime had an unlucky genius for doing his friends disservice; and it would almost seem that the trait has dogged his ghost. Unhappily, it is the easiest thing in the world to become a little drunk on words, and no poet served a headier wine. Mr. Norman's prose has suffered a little. At times there is a bosky, almost a mossy, softness about it, not to mention an embroidery of strange flowers which, together with his

penchant for long quotes in period spelling, tend to make his volume uncomfortable to read. However, it is a good and useful book, and one which, for these days, is quite splendidly produced.

FROM January 1942 to September 1945 Mrs. Agnes Keith, the American-born wife of an Englishman, and author of the delightful *Land Below the Wind*, was kept prisoner in a Japanese concentration camp in Borneo. With her was her only child, her small son George, three years old. Her husband was imprisoned in another civilian camp near by, and sometimes, very seldom—once a year perhaps—they were allowed to meet for half-an-hour.

Three Came Home (Michael Joseph; 12s. 6d.) is her record of those two-and-a-half years. She made the notes for the book on odd scraps of paper, stolen and carefully hoarded, and hid them in old tins buried in the ground, in her son's few tattered toys, in the hems of her skirts, in the thatch of the latrines. The result is a shocking and awful book. It is not so much the grim record of filth, insult, beatings, lack of food for woman and child, disease, impossible manual work and death which is so appalling, as the inexorable account of a cultured woman full of pride and high spirits slowly letting out



notch after notch in her lifeline with civilisation as she delves deeper and deeper into the stock of her essential reserve.

It is no good pretending that this is the ideal reading for these days. Even the stoutest heart and the most serious mind may, I think, be forgiven for turning away at this time from a history of revenge, fanaticism and slow starvation which differs only in degree from other histories rather nearer us; but if the book is not read now, it will certainly be studied later on, and those with a present stomach for it are fortunate.

MRS. KEITH is brave, clear-minded and charitable, but she is also very feminine and blessedly human. In one breath we find her declaring herself a "citizen of the world" and in the next thanking God that her son is a thorough-going little American, or insisting that she will never really believe in rescue until she sees American sailors in Kuching Square.

Her book is as vivid as only the truth can be; it is also utterly personal. She herself, the baby and, to a lesser degree, her beloved husband are the only characters, save one, whom she attempts to draw in the round. The other is Col. Suga, the enemy commandant. This middle-aged Japanese, educated in the West, with a soft spot for children, a "fan" of Mrs. Keith's first book, permitted incredible conditions in the camps he controlled, as was probably his duty to his Emperor. But he saw nothing odd in inviting a lady, whom he admired for her culture, to step out from the midst of them and take a cup of coffee with him now and again for the purpose of discussing literary matters whilst it must have been obvious to him that she and her family were virtually dying of neglect and starvation before his eyes.

SHE tells one story about him which is curiously enlightening. When the end came at last, and the war was over, there was a brief interlude between the end of his authority and the beginning of the Australian General's. Meanwhile Suga's own family had been entirely wiped out in the atomic bomb attack which had ended the war. In that interval he gave a party to his late captives, and at it he made a speech.

When we finished eating [she writes] Suga rose to speak.

His hands were shaking and he cleared his throat constantly and mispronounced his words. I had never heard his English so bad. His words were:

"Peace has come. The Japanese have surrendered. That is good for you but not good for us." (Here a nervous laugh not echoed by anyone else.) "I am sorry so many prisoners died. This seems to some of you to be due to some neglect!" (Here followed a completely unintelligible flow of words for several minutes.) "I am very sorry for the relatives of the dead people. I also am a relative of dead people. I thank the representatives of your camp for work and assistance in running these camps. I hope there are no hard feelings or thoughts of revenge with you. I hope sometime we can be friends. Let

RECORD OF THE WEEK

IN 1943 Duke Ellington presented the first Jazz and Swing concert ever to be given in the Carnegie Hall, New York. Since then Ellington's annual concert has been one of the outstanding events of New York's musical year. There can be no one to-day who still thinks Jazz is merely another name for dance music—if there is, let their disillusionment now be complete.

Ellington, a brilliant composer, arranger and pianist, has done a great service for music in the modern idiom, as witnessed by the suite he wrote under the title *Beautiful Indians*, which was first played at the Carnegie Hall in 1946. It is written in two parts, the first being *Hiawatha*. This features trumpet and tenor saxophone, and on the present recording the soloists are Taft Jordan and Albert Sears. The second part is called *Minnehaha*. In this the human voice is used instrumentally, and I think no voice has been used more beautifully than that of Kay Davis in this quite lovely piece of jazz music. It is something exquisitely sensitive and sincere. The record is Parlophone R.3088.

Robert Tredinnick.

us drink now to better feelings in the future. Cheerio."

We drank. With the unpremeditated, involuntary motions of people hypnotised, the glasses were raised and lowered, and the whisky slipped down our throats. I felt then that no comment could ever be made on this party which could equal the party.

By keeping that other remarkable book, *War and Soldier*, by a Japanese poet, in mind it is just possible, I fancy, to catch from this a glimpse of the mentality of Col. Suga, middle-aged military man, educated in the West. He killed himself soon after the extraordinary festivity, and Mrs. Keith could find it in her freed heart half to forgive him. If only for this, and the book has a very great deal more to offer, *Three Came Home* is worth setting carefully on one side—to read hereafter, if not to-day.

THERE is something to be said for having one's literary magazines in hard covers right away. At any rate, if previous Allinghams had bought their *Edinburgh Review* in a solid binding, one corner of this room would not be the mothy old dust-trap it is at the moment. Recent shortages and restrictions have given us one or two good new publications, a little erratic in their intervals of publication, but pleasantly solid when they do arrive.

The latest of these is *Orpheus* (Lehmann; 12s. 6d.), edited by John Lehmann and the natural successor to *Daylight* and *New Writing*.

The present volume justifies its preparation for permanence in golden boards. It is a graceful production, very nicely laid out indeed, with a comforting air of authority and assured skill about it.

The sixth form is present in force. There is a most revealing and affectionate sketch of Arnold Bennett from Osbert Sitwell's forthcoming book of reminiscences, and an essay from his sister on the birth of a poem which is remarkable, since it comes very close to saying something which can't be said at all. Mr. Lehmann himself contributes an enlightening note on Yeats, and there is a new poem from C. Day Lewis which I would not have missed for anything. Theatre and ballet are taken care of by Peter Brook and William Chappel, and from Bernard Denvir comes a well-illustrated article on modern French tapestries. The translation from Ivan Bunin, by Richard Hare, is not, to my mind, so fortunate, but the whole production is a very pleasant affair to find on the breakfast-table this chilly and unpromising spring.

GOODNESS knows it is not easy to find anything new to lend the *roman policier* that touch of piquancy which is its best excuse. The thriller can sometimes get by on exuberance alone, but your semi-realistic tale of professional investigation requires a fresh idea, and for these the woods have been searched. Congratulations are due to Miss Josephine Tey (who is also the playwright Gordon Daviot, author of *Richard of Bordeaux*) for refurbishing the eighteenth-century mystery of the disappearance of Elizabeth Canning and, by playing it, as it were, in modern costume, turning it into refreshingly new material for her detective-story. In 1753 the vanishing Betty was away from home for a month and came back with a wild story of her capture by gypsies, which fascinated everybody from the Lord Mayor of London to Voltaire. The present version is less fortunate, inasmuch as there is little romance about it, but it still makes interesting reading.

In *The Franchise Affair* (Peter Davies; 9s. 6d.) Miss Tey approaches the story from the other side. This time it is two pleasant gentlewomen who are suddenly accused of kidnapping a girl whom they have never seen for the essentially modern purpose of making a domestic servant of her. The girl produces an alarmingly circumstantial story, the Press is interested and the fun begins. A quiet country solicitor plays detective and the mystery is very slowly unravelled. The book is well written and carefully constructed, but the all-important second idea, which is the vital bridgehead of these matters, is not quite strong enough. The truth, when it arrives, is adequate but not surprising. The opening is first-class, however, and the book is definitely one for the bag.

MISS MARGERY ALLINGHAM, the novelist, is writing the book reviews until the return of Miss Elizabeth Bowen from her Continental lecture tour.

Ladies' Kennel Assocⁿ Notes



The Airedale terrier is a fine dog of great character, and makes a splendid guard because, though determined and courageous, he is not savage. Mrs. Care's good dog Rural Wyrewood Apollo (left), though only a year and ten months old, has many wins to his credit, including best of breed at Dublin and best in show at the South of England Airedale Club Show. He was also Reserve Champion at the National Airedale Terrier Club Show. On the right is the Hon. Mrs. Ionides' imported miniature poodle, Vulcan Ninon de Majige. She is only 12 ins. in height and is a perfect specimen of a breed which combines beauty and brains in a most unusual degree.



THEY WERE MARRIED

The "Tatler's" Review



Hamilton—Chichester

Major Digby Hamilton, Scots Guards, only son of the late Col. Arthur Hamilton, and of Mrs. Arthur Hamilton, of Ovington Street, S.W.3, married Miss Imogen Ann Chichester, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Chichester, of Richmond Court, Sloane Street, S.W.1

Banks—Bradley

Major-Gen. Sir Donald Banks, K.C.B., married Miss Elizabeth Bradley, second daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. R. W. Bradley, of The Warrens, Lymington, Hants, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street. The Rev. K. H. Thorncroft officiated

Eustace—Browning

Capt. Thomas R. A. Eustace, Royal Irish Fusiliers, the only son of Mrs. and the late Mr. L. C. M. Eustace, of Dymchurch, Kent, married Miss Pamela Venetia Browning, daughter of Capt. and Mrs. H. Browning, of Stratone Manor, Stretlington, near Chichester, Sussex, at Boxgrove Priory Church, Chichester



Greenly—Forbes

Mr. John Greenly, son of Sir John and Lady Maitland Greenly, of Calcot Hill, Buckinghamshire, married Mrs. Katherine Forbes, daughter of Mrs. Harold Armstrong, of Orchard Court, Portman Square

Fisher—Wavertree

The Hon. F. M. B. Fisher married Sophie Florence Lothrop Lady Wavertree, C.B.E., D.St.J., widow of Lord Wavertree and younger daughter of the late Mr. A. Brinsley Sheridan, at St. Stephen's Church, Sydney

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Fashion Page by Winifred Lewis

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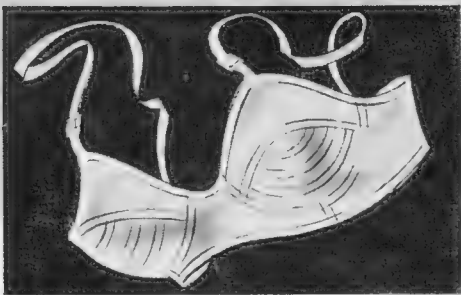
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The "Tatler's" Register of ENGAGEMENTS



Bassano

Miss Jean E. M. Osmond, only daughter of Brigadier T. E. and Mrs. Osmond, of Warwick House, Ashford, Middlesex, who is to be married in June to Major David Sedgwick, third son of the late Mr. J. B. Sedgwick, and of Mrs. Sedgwick, of Tangmere, Sussex



Hay Wrightson

Miss Lorna Mary Glynn Begbie, second daughter of Major and Mrs. R. P. G. Begbie, of Glynn, Fleet, Hampshire, who is to be married in March to Captain Adrian Henry Warren Sandes, R.E., only son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. E. W. C. Sandes, of Faircross, Weymouth



Navana

Miss Jean Helen Ward, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clement Ward, of Dobcroft Road, Sheffield, who is engaged to Mr. Thomas Neil Paul, second son of the late Mr. T. W. Paul, and of Mrs. Paul, of Cookridge Hall, near Leeds



Lenave

Miss Anne Richardson, daughter of Mrs. Ford and stepdaughter of Group Captain R. J. A. Ford, R.A.F. Delegation, Athens, who is engaged to Major Richard Dendy, the Buffs, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. N. H. Dendy, of Holcombe Moretonhampstead, Devon

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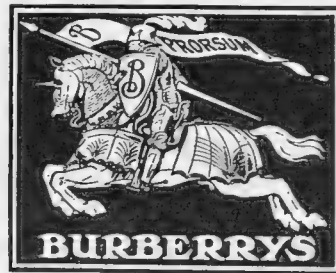
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MOTURING NOTES

From a Correspondent

THE position about foreign tours is still not altogether clear. Generally speaking, your car cannot be driven to the port of embarkation, but at present you can get it put on a railway truck and sent there. How you get it from home to the railway is not specified, unless you have a ration of petrol for essential purposes and your permitted route takes you past the station.

Then how about getting home from the port? If you have a tankful on arrival at an English port, must you tip it out or can you drive home on it? One has heard of no decision by the Ministry of Fuel and Power about it.

Moreover, it has not definitely been stated whether there will be an actual ban on cars going abroad or not. When you get on the Continent everything is easy. No rationing at all for visitors, except France (88-130 gallons for three months), Italy (60 gallons per month) and Spain (44 per week). Once permission is granted to take cars abroad, surely there should be no difficulty in getting them home again.

The R.A.C. Foreign Touring Department, who are in constant touch with the Ministry, can get no information on these points.

British Cars in Brussels

THE Brussels Motor Show, just concluded, was notable for a grand display of British car craftsmanship. One famous concern, Rover, chose the occasion to announce their two entirely

new post-war models, the Rover "60" (4 cyl.) and "75" (6 cyl.). Rover owners will await with interest their appearance at home. Later on, it is hoped to give a more detailed description, but it can be said that they are as elegant as one would expect from that source. Others in evidence there were Alvis, Austin, Bristol, Hillman, Humber, Healey, Jaguar, Jowett, M.G., Morris, Riley, Singer, Standard, Sunbeam Talbot, Triumph, and Wolseley.

The Morris Ten-Four

NOR having had, for some years, continuous use of a 10 h.p. car, it was unusually interesting to spend a week recently driving the Morris Ten-Four. The car used for a tour round the south coast had already notched up a fair number of miles, but it was in excellent condition throughout.

Its docility was remarkable. Leaving streets crowded with week-end traffic, not the slightest difficulty was found in threading an intricate way through the suburbs. And on the open road the feel was that of a big car. Changing from top to third, on the few occasions necessary, was extremely easy, the synchromesh gears functioning silently and perfectly. First gear was not used once, though a fair amount of baggage was carried, but it should be emphasized that this was a test, and the owner-driver should not neglect this very useful gear.

Crossing Pevensey Marshes from Cooden to Pevensey, seventy miles an hour was reached with ease, and with something in hand. Springing was excellent, braking smooth and certain. Petrol consumption over some 350 miles worked out at a little more than 30 m.p.g., and oil consumption was negligible.

The Morris Ten-Four is, in short, an excellent job, particularly for a woman, whether for local shopping or, when permissible, long distance touring. At the price, at works, of £347 10s. with sliding head, plus purchase tax of £97 5s. 7d. it is not an expensive motor car.

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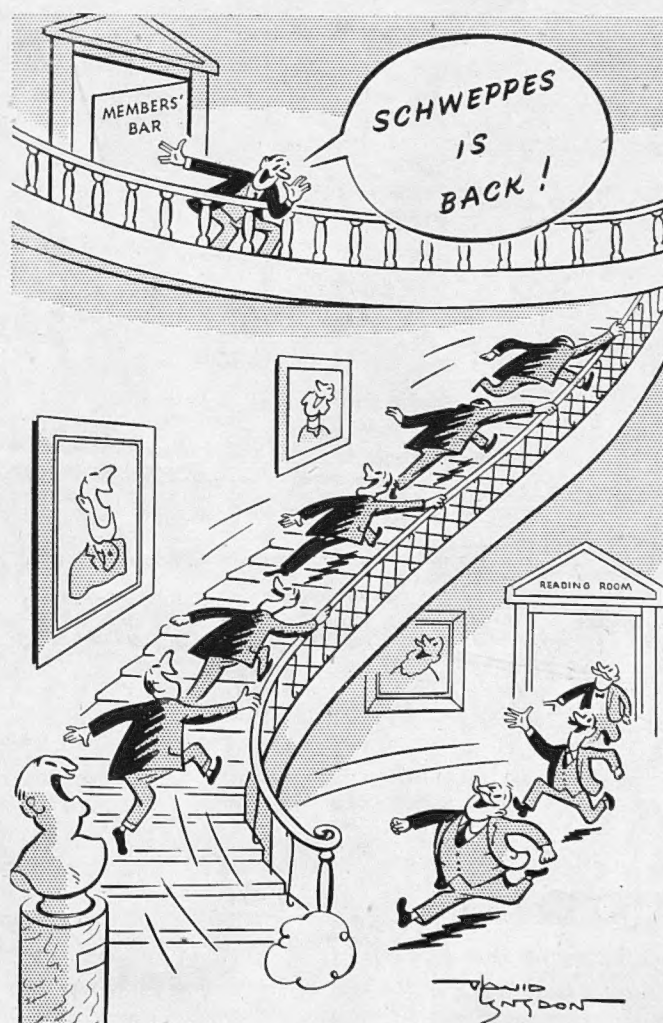
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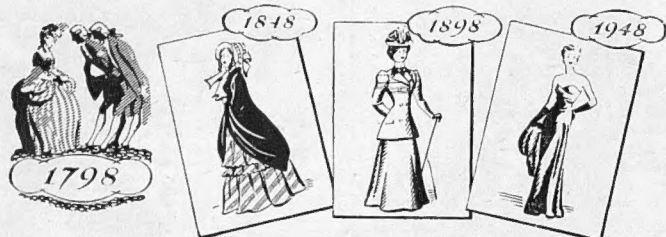
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DEVONSHIRE HOUSE · MAYFAIR PLACE
BERKELEY ST. W.1 · Tel. GRO. 1128/9, 1268, 3268

(Gen. Mngr. F. Ferraro)



RETURN ENGAGEMENT

"For these days, Hawkins, you bear a strange resemblance to some God of Plenty."

"A parcel from the Colonies, Sir!"

"Canada? Australia?"

"The United States, Sir. I always overlook that unfortunate Declaration of 1776. There were faults on both sides."

"Very handsome. I take it you hired that Rose's bottle

for the amateur theatricals tonight?"

"On the contrary, this is no period piece, Sir. Small supplies of real Rose's Lime Juice, which you and I have been advertising in absentia for so long, are now available in the shops. By vigilance and good fortune I obtained this bottle."

"Set them up, Hawkins! We've been waiting for this since '42."

ROSE'S—There is no substitute

Don't just say
Brandy
say

RGB

TRADE MARK

REGISTERED

★ ★ ★
Cognac

Max. Retail Prices per bottle R.G.B. Cognac: ★★ 41/-
SIBON Liqueur Brandy 51/-

PRODUCE OF FRANCE

R.G.B. 2K

This is
the Gin




BY APPOINTMENT
GIN DISTILLERS
TO H.M. KING GEORGE VI.
Tanqueray Gordon & Co., Ltd.


Quality
Incomparable

Gordon's
Stands Supreme

Maximum Prices: Per bottle 30/-; Half-bottle 15/9. U.K. only

You have one of mine

du MAURIER



...filter-tipped

When the last Guinea was Minted



MANY musty old records remind us that our sign hung in Lombard Street when Black Ivory and Guinea Gold

were everyday topics of conversation between bankers and their customers. The efficiency of our modern accounting and calculating machines reminds us that we have moved with the times.

The last Guinea was minted in 1813, but the friendliness for which this Bank is renowned has survived all changes of outlook and method.

Let
LLOYDS BANK
look after your
interests



BY APPOINTMENT
Gin Distillers to
H.M. King George VI
BOOTH'S
DISTILLERIES
LIMITED

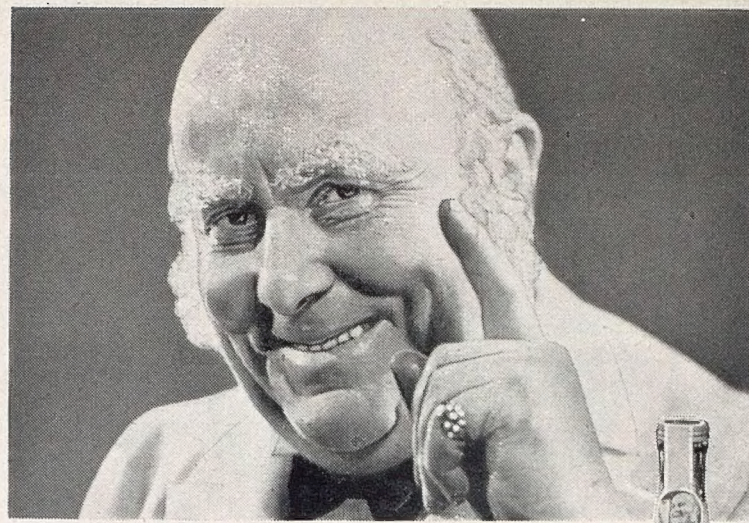


**BOOTH'S
DRY GIN**

*Definitely
Superior!*

MAXIMUM PRICES: 30/- PER BOTTLE; HALF BOTTLE 15/9 (U.K. ONLY)

THE ONLY GIN THAT HOLDS THE BLUE SEAL OF THE INSTITUTE OF HYGIENE



PLEASE LADIES—NOT ALL AT ONCE *says OLD HETHERS*

Why, of course you're all in a hurry to get some of my Lemon Barley Water, now it's in bottles again—it's only natural. But remember, ladies, it takes time to get supplies round to all the shops, and it's bound to be a little scarce to start with. However, I know Robinsons are doing their best to see that all of you get a fair share. Which is only right, seeing it's so good for you.



Robinson's
LEMON BARLEY WATER

CVS-149

*Famous for
fine Quality*



AND
FRESH FRUIT JAMS
BY
Crosbie's